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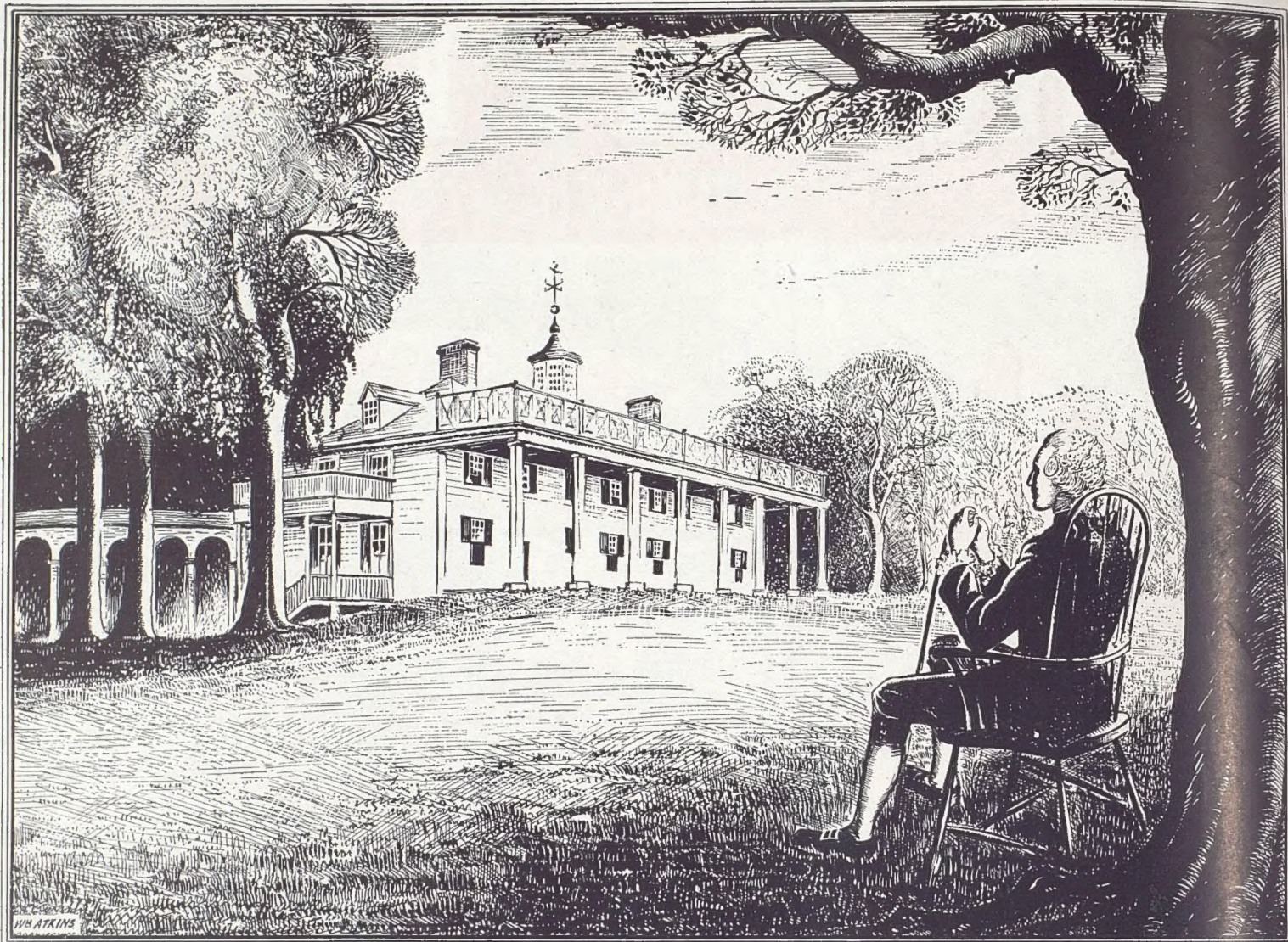
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LONDON

JUNE 23, 1943

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Harlip

Leading Lady in a Priestley Play: Googie Withers

Googie Withers is now playing Alice Foster, the leading role opposite John Clements in J. B. Priestley's *They Came to a City*, at the Globe Theatre, her first serious part on the stage. It was the screen, in the films *One of Our Aircraft is Missing* and *The Silver Fleet*, that first gave this talented young actress her chance to show her merits as a serious emotional actress. She was born in India; her father is Captain E. C. Withers, R.N., her mother is Dutch, and her name, Googie, is Bengalese for "harum-scarum." Googie Withers's early training was as a dancer, and her first stage engagements were in *The Windmill Man*, and later in musical comedy chorus



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Surrender

EVERY day the Italians undergo a propaganda offensive. They are told through the radio that they must defy their leaders and withdraw from the war. There are no terms to induce them to do this. They must surrender unconditionally. The British and United States Governments are agreed that this must be the only policy. They refuse to make Italy's withdrawal easy or attractive. It will be interesting to see how this propaganda offensive fulfils its part in the eventual downfall of Italy. The collapse of resistance on the islands of Pantelleria and Lampedusa should not be regarded as a foretaste of the final collapse. In defending their homeland it is conceivable that the Italians will fight bitterly. But the strain is not only on the Italian people themselves, but I should say that it is reacting much more severely on the persons who uphold the monarchy and on Mussolini. Can they, who are responsible for the approaching debacle, stand the strain? They are the people who are guilty, the people who have made the mistakes.

Threat

IN his remarkable speech to the House of Commons Mr. Churchill threatened "the application upon the enemy of force in its most intense and violent form." He used these words with relish and showed behind them his own indomitable determination. Nobody but the Chiefs of the Staffs can know where the mortal blow will fall on the Axis. It is not even certain that Italy will be invaded.

The Allies may be content to occupy the islands and thus ensure the freedom for them of the Mediterranean while the final comprehensive and throttling grip is fastened on the Axis. Obviously Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt have made up their minds what they want to do. The governing principle of their strategy must assuredly be the quickest and deadliest thrust at the vitals of the enemy, at the least possible cost to the forces of the United Nations. So, while experts who have no responsibility continue to speculate how, and when, the blow will fall, Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt sit back and watch the unfolding of their plan. The collapse of Italy would clear the way, but at the same time its occupation by Allied forces might prove a costly diversion. After their sufferings the Italian people will require food, coal and clothing.

Waiting

HITLER is finding it more and more difficult to supply these wants to Italy, and no doubt he would like us to undertake that task in the hope that it would sap some of our strength. Therefore I do not believe there will be a large-scale occupation of Italy. We shall conserve our strength to smash Hitler. At the moment Hitler is in a quandary. He cannot launch his summer offensive on the Russians because he does not know what the British and the Americans are going to do. He is waiting for some sign to enable him to make up his mind. There is no doubt that he will open another campaign on the Eastern

Front. All the experts are agreed on this because summer is the best time for the Germans to fight there, while winter is by far the best time for Stalin's men. This prolonged pause is of considerable value to Stalin. He is getting stronger every day, whereas Hitler gets weaker. Mr. Churchill's disclosure that Hitler expected the campaign in Tunisia to last until August was most illuminating.

Portents

THE collapse of Hitler's soldiers in Tunisia is still a matter of speculation. Mr. Churchill made it quite plain that he sees in their capitulation a portent. The German soldiers apparently fought their hardest, and then cracked. They cracked when they saw British tanks advancing with infantry. Mr. Churchill regards this crack as typical of the Hun. Photographs of prisoners who have come to this country show them to be of good physique, albeit sullen and discontented looking. They look like men who have lost everything. Compare this collapse with our equally disastrous evacuation of Dunkirk. Our men were dazed and tired, but they had plenty of fight left in them. Mr. Churchill therefore appears to be right. The Hun is all right while he is winning. When the tide turns against him, he cracks.

Warning

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT's warning that gas may be used by the Germans coincides with Mr. Churchill's statement that he and the President and Marshal Stalin are agreed on maintaining the full use of the bombing weapon. Hitler may have been tempted at one time to use gas, but with the loss of air superiority he will be in a most exposed position if he should try it. Our ability to retaliate is constantly being emphasised in Whitehall; and it would not surprise me if the Russians were not well supplied with every form of poison gas. Maybe President Roosevelt had a reason other than Germany for issuing his warning. The people of the United States are still three thousand miles away from the war, but the President's statement can be calculated to bring some of the possible horrors nearer home.



Lord Moyne in Kenya

Lord Moyne (centre), Deputy Minister of State, paid a short visit to Kenya not long ago. With him in this picture, taken at Nairobi airfield, are Sir Henry Moore, Governor of Kenya, and Sir Geoffrey Northcote, Principal Information Officer, East African Command



A Parade of the Black Watch

Lt.-Gen. Sir A. Thorne, D.S.O., G.O.C.-in-C. Scottish Command, inspected a battalion of the Black Watch, recently returned from Gibraltar, where they have been garrisoned for the last three years. He is seen talking to Captain D. C. Mirrieles, M.C.



Submarine Commanders and Mr. Churchill

While in Africa recently the Prime Minister paid a lightning visit to a submarine depot ship, to thank the men of the Submarine Service for their wonderful part in the war. After inspecting the guard of honour, addressing the ship's company and talking to officers and men, he was photographed with the submarine commanders, all of whom have been decorated

the advantages of American Lend-Lease, and this is why they deposed President Castillo.

It is not likely, however, that President Roosevelt will make any allotment of arms and other war supplies unless and until the new Argentine Government declare themselves on the side of the Allies and in full opposition to all the policies of the Axis Powers. Argentine relations with the United States have always been somewhat tangled. This is due to beef. America maintains restrictions on the imports of Argentine beef. This has always been a cause for friction. President Roosevelt has tried more than once to remove the restrictions and improve relations generally with the Argentine. So far this has not been easy; it may be easier now.

Unity

THE Labour Party Conference has justified the hopes of its organisers in reaffirming the maintenance of the party truce. It has done more and surprised them by the overwhelming majority recorded in the vote. It says much for the soundness and stability of political thought in this country. The Labour Party realised the necessity for maintaining the National Government at this moment, and also that they should shoulder their share of



Mr. Eden in North Africa

On his arrival at Maison Blanche airport, Algiers, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs was met by Mr. Harold Macmillan, Resident British Minister at Allied Headquarters, Algiers

Appointment

MR. HAROLD MACMILLAN is to be Britain's first diplomat accredited to the French Committee for National Liberation in Algiers. Final details of the de facto recognition of the body are being settled in discussions between the British, United States and Russian Governments. As far as Britain is concerned we shall transfer all the advantages enjoyed by General de Gaulle while he was in London to the new committee. There has been a suggestion that General de Gaulle may open the old French Embassy in Knightsbridge for

his diplomatic representative. This is a fine old building, which is crammed with diplomatic history. But its upkeep is very costly.

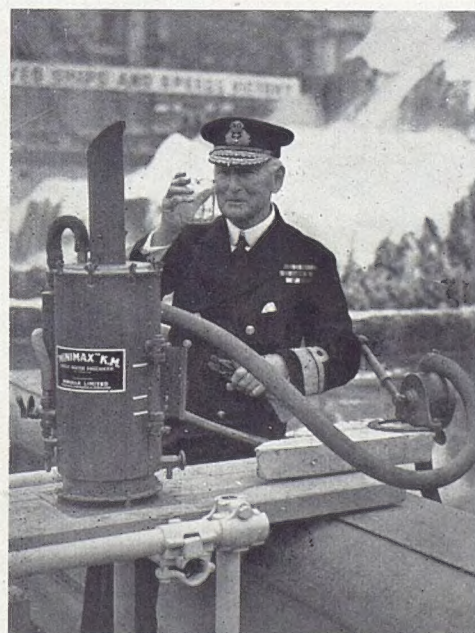
Recognition

EVENTUALLY the Allied Powers will grant full recognition to the new Argentine Government. But there will be some diplomatic bargaining before this happens. The change of personnel does not so far appear to have been accompanied with any real change of policy. There is a current belief that the new Argentine Ministers are anxious to enjoy



A Maori Ceremony

Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Cyril Newall, Governor-General of New Zealand, and Lady Newall were greeted by a Maori chief at the official opening of the Arawa Meeting Houses



A Drink of Water

Rear-Admiral Sir Murray Sueter, M.P., R.N., taking part in London's Salvage Drive, drank a glass of water in Trafalgar Square from a "Minimax" Fresh Water Producer, like those used in lifeboats

responsibility. There is real patriotism in this. Naturally many of them realised the value of Mr. Churchill's leadership and the hold he has over the hearts and the minds of the people. Labour would have made a sorry mistake had it been stampeded into any wild and independent course. Only the Communists and the so-called Independents in the House of Commons can afford to play politics in these days. They are doing so unfairly and taking advantage of the Labour Party, which must cause its leaders much anxiety.

Election

MR. ARTHUR GREENWOOD's election as Treasurer of the Labour Party is a tribute to his popularity. Nobody has worked harder for the party than Mr. Greenwood, and nobody represents more than he does the sound common sense of Labour statesmen. At the outbreak of war he showed himself to be a man of courage and a statesman of character. Mr. Attlee, the leader of the party, was ill, and it was on Mr. Greenwood that all the responsibilities fell for guiding Labour and eventually marshalling it behind the Government.

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Three Films

By James Agate

WILL somebody please tell me who is Mr. William Saroyan and what he has written? The author of a recently published book on the American critic George Jean Nathan remarks: "Nathan has discovered or has been among the first to lend impetus to the reception of such widely different dramatists as Eugene O'Neill, Sean O'Casey, the earlier Paul Vincent Carroll and William Saroyan." Well, that's good company. I ask for further knowledge of this gentleman because *The Human Comedy* (Empire) intrigues me. How can a man dare to take such a title, and, under this title, produce such childish balderdash as nine-tenths of this film turns out to be? In comparison with the picture which has been made out of Mr. Saroyan's story, Louisa M. Alcott's *Little Women* and *Good Wives* is a masterpiece of towering intellectuality. Methinks a better title for the film would have been *Little Men and Good Husbands* since it is all about American youth, and how if in a war some are killed it is in order that those who come through the war may lead sweeter and nobler lives and raise sweeter and nobler children.

THE film begins semi-mystically. Macauley père has been dead two years, but is still conscious of what is happening on earth. Apparently he put no money by and was uninsured. Which was rather hard lines on his wife, his three sons and his daughter. The eldest son, Marcus, joining up, the Macauleys' income suddenly depends on the second son Homer (Mickey Rooney) who, according to my friend Synopsis, "attends High School in the day, but is hired as a night messenger boy at the town telegraph office." To which all I can say is that telegraph boys in American small towns must be thunderingly well paid! But why the need to lay the whole burden on Mickey's shoulders? Why doesn't the daughter give up college and take a job of typing? Why doesn't Mrs. Macauley quit sitting around twanging the harp and start doing a little choring? Fay Bainter, sweeping the strings instead of floors, and through them delivering homilies to the five-year-old Ulysses Macauley couched at her feet and in imminent danger of having his nose amputated by the pedals—this forms a scene of stupendous bathos unparalleled in all my film experience.

THERE is a great deal about an old telegraphist, played by Frank Morgan, who spends his time getting drunk, getting sober, philosophising, moralising and attending to his job—all in that order and with his job a good way last. There is a great deal about the eldest son, who is killed, and his friend who is not and is eventually taken into the bosom of the Macauley family. And a lot about how America's expensive little hussies have hearts of gold, and

people who dress for dinner are not essentially better than postmen who don't wear ties. And where does Mickey Rooney come in? He is just the telegraph boy who knows what is in people's telegrams and whose honest face breaks into smiles or runs over with tears as the occasion demands.

IN other words, Homer is a great little hand at rejoicing with them that do rejoice and weeping with them that weep. Now I wonder! Is it possible that Saroyan, when he wrote his novel, had in mind the twelfth chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans? There is a great deal of sermonising in the film, all of it drawn from this famous chapter. You are shocked perhaps, and ask how a great piece of literature and a silly film can say the same thing? The phenomenon is not new, as any student of tracts and oleographs and bad "sacred" music is aware. There must be some explanation, apart from the superb acting by Mickey Rooney, why so preposterous a film should at times move us so deeply. I can only take it that the eternal values remain eternal in spite of Hollywood's efforts to cheapen them.

No film attains a greater degree of intellectual bankruptcy than one which takes a block of flats, or an omnibus, or a telephone box or a pawnshop or a Turkish bath and builds a story round the frequenters of these establishments. *For Ever and a Day* (Leicester Square) is such a film. It is all about a house built in the first years of the last century. Indeed, we are told that the house is a living entity and not a mere collection of bricks and mortar. But even if so much be conceded the

history of the house can only be told in terms of its tenants, and from this depends the saga of some four to five generations.

All this can be very effective on the stage in such a play as *Milestones*. It was effective in *Cavalcade*, and it was effective again in the Orson Welles film of *The Magnificent Ambersons*. But note that in the case of the two plays and the film one controlling mind was in charge. In the present film seven directors are let loose. With the result that the thing has no unity because it has no mind.

THE first part is like a story in an old-fashioned Christmas Annual. As usual the dresses are overdone to the point when the director chokes himself with period consciousness. There is plenty of evidence that whoever made this part of the film has not "lived" it. The young girl has been abducted, and her guardian and his attorney come to retrieve her. Do they come in a barouche? No. They come in a tandem-drawn gig with the box seat occupied by the two gentlemen and the groom perched in the dickey. Where did they propose to put the young lady if she had consented to come back? Why, in a subsequent section, does the coal-man in 1897 talk like the 1867 Sam Gerridge in Robertson's *Caste*? Again because the director has not "lived" his period. Towards the end there is a scene of genuine emotion beautifully played by Gladys Cooper and Roland Young. Subject, the loss of a son in wartime. And I can only imagine that by some happy accident the director of this knows something about the matter with which he has been entrusted.

TO sum up, one of the most brilliant casts of modern times has been assembled to bolster up one of the poorest pictures. Why has R.K.O. Radio Pictures Ltd. nobody to tell them when Cedric Hardwicke is unfunny and Charles Laughton just plain bad? And couldn't they have sprung another fiver to hire an artist who could paint Aubrey Smith to look like Aubrey Smith and not W. C. Fields? Yes, I know that this film has been made in a good cause and that the actors gave their services. I am not thereby deterred from saying what I think about it. The better the cause, the better the thing in its aid should be done!

AFTER this pyramidal mush *China* (Plaza) seemed a most exciting, turbulent affair. This "Eastern" differs little from the average "Western" in this respect—there are the same number of roughs, toughs, fights, escapes and rescues. And always the same beautiful, virtuous and heroic heroine. Alan has his usual rôle of the hard-boiled Ladd with the heart of gold. Loretta Young is an American college teacher escorting a number of Chinese girl students to Chung King (I think). Alan, who is in charge of a lorry and is induced by Loretta to carry, somewhat unwillingly, her cargo of précieuses to their destination, wishes to make for Hong Kong (I believe). The tension which must be supposed to prevail among the audience as to whether these girlies reach Chung or are landed at Hong, provides most of the interest of the film. Which, if I may say so, is not, to put it mildly, of the very highest kind. But then it all happens rather too far away to be quite my cup of tea.



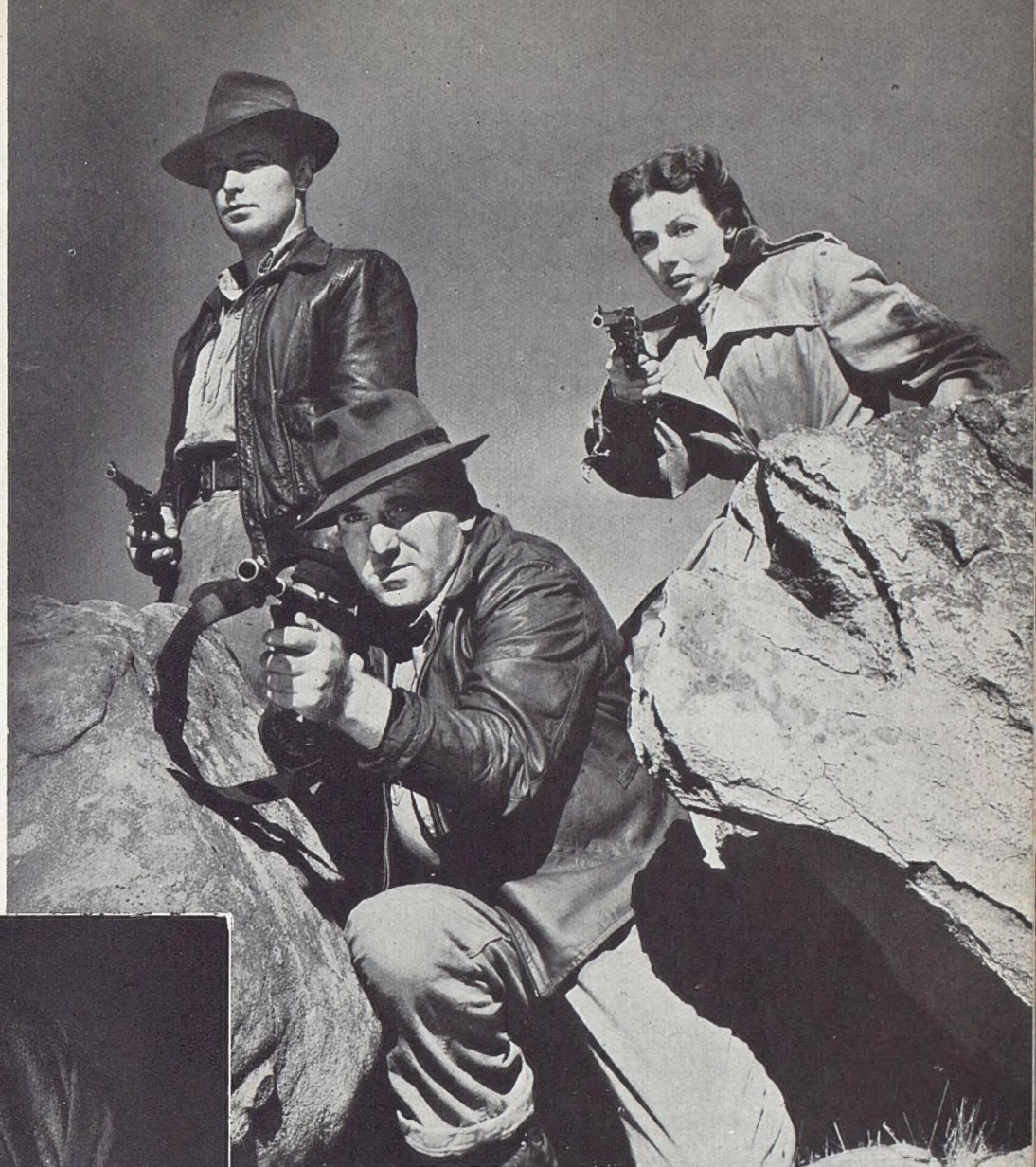
"For Ever and a Day"

Roland Young and Gladys Cooper as an elderly couple mourning the death of their son in 1917. Mr. Agate discusses "For Ever and a Day" (Leicester Square Theatre) on this page

This Ladd Quits Racketeering For Romance

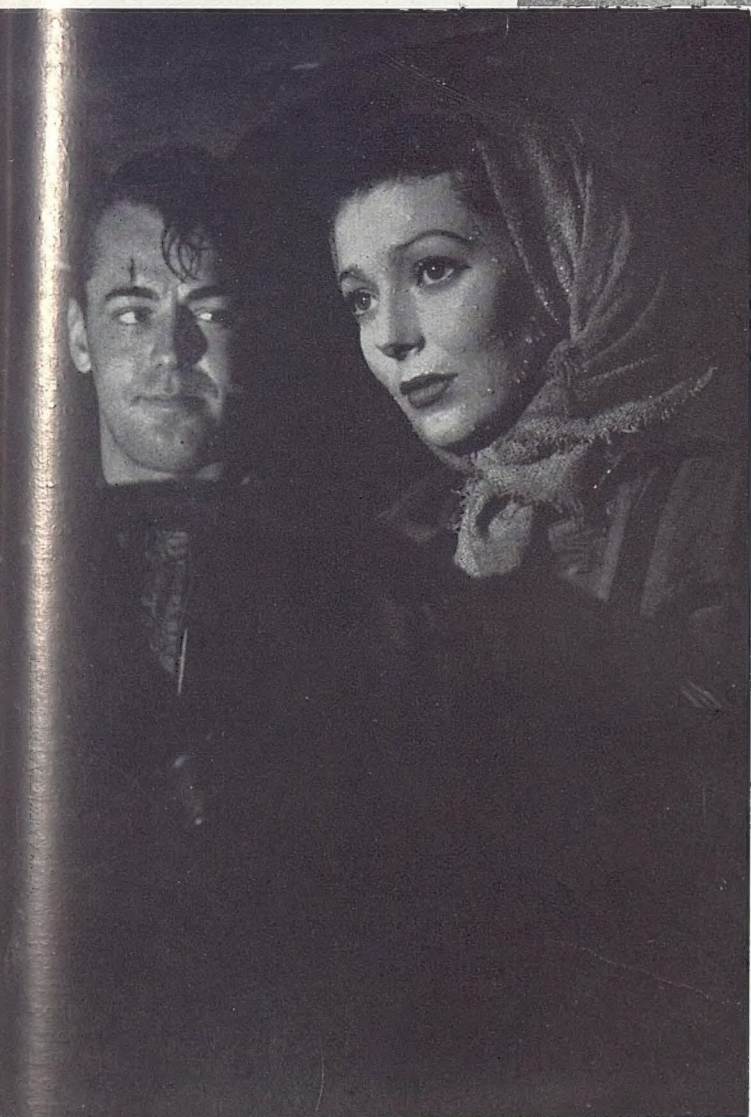
Learning to Love China and Loretta Young, and Dying a Hero's Death for Both, is Tough-guy Alan Ladd's New Role

"An intensely dramatic story unfolded against a momentous backdrop of heroism, romance and high adventure." That's Paramount's own description of their big picture *China*, which came to the Plaza on June 18. Alan Ladd, Killer No. 1, who made his name and fame in *This Gun for Hire*, is now in the American Army, so *China* is his last picture for the duration. It shows him in a new aspect—the heroic, and gives him a chance to make a romantic appeal as a screen lover. The director is John Farrow, who directed *Wake Island*, and many of Hollywood's leading Chinese actors are in the cast. Loretta Young has worked so hard for the United China Relief and other movements that the China Information Committee at Chungking has asked her to pay a visit to China after the war



Three Against the Japanese

Mr. Jones (Alan Ladd) and his partner, Johnny Sparrow (William Bendix), aided by Carolyn Grant (Loretta Young) are up against it. The men have been selling petrol to the Japs but quit when the bombs get too close. Japanese atrocities and Carolyn soon convert the callous Jones



Dangerous Journey

On their journey to safety the petrol-selling partners give a lift to a party of Chinese girl students and their American teacher (Loretta Young)



The Conversion of Mr. Jones

As the petrol lorry, with its human cargo, halts by the way, Jones is moved by the treatment of a Chinese girl. He kills three Japanese and falls heavily for Carolyn

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

The Moon is Down (Whitehall)

COMPARISONS between the various war plays now running in the West End need not be odious. Each justifies production on other than merely topical grounds. They differ widely in theme and treatment, and their appeal is due less to their concern with war than to the personal fortunes of their characters. This is as it should be; for they are plays, not historical documents; and this allows considerable latitude both in sentiment and invention. *Flare Path* (Apollo), with its intimate pictures of life at an R.A.F. bombing station, is perhaps the most openly theatrical; *Men in Shadow* (Vaudeville), which deals with the hazards of sabotage in German-occupied France, is the most purely adventurous; while *Watch on the Rhine* (Aldwych), American in authorship and setting, is the least directly concerned with the violent percussions of active service.

John Steinbeck's *The Moon is Down*, which comes to us from New York with considerable reclamation, has already had a successfully versatile career. Beginning as a novel, it next made a hit as a film, before assuming the three-dimensional status of the theatre. This may not be the usual course of dramatic masterpieces, but it vindicates the author's foresight as a story-teller and his skill as a craftsman. Incidentally, it may help to explain any lessening of pure and sustained excitement in its unfolding as a play.

As you probably know, it is a picturesque, at times a passionate, and always a sincere presentation of events and characters in a small European mining town during the first months of the German occupation. Though not so specified, the town is presumably Norwegian. The story of the play is of the heroic spirit of resistance that flames up in the townsfolk, and their defiance of the invaders. As a story, it no longer surprises, for its



The Quisling (Patric Curwen), the conquering Colonel (Karel Stepanek), the Mayor (Lewis Casson) and his doctor friend (W.E. Holloway)

episodes are among the tragic commonplaces of the war. These fictitious events have had many parallels in fact, though their detail varies with the locality and the circumstances.

It is this play's distinction that, while the author leaves no doubt as to where his sympathies lie, he approaches his theme and characters with a kind of philosophic impartiality. His play has, so to speak, two heroes: the mayor of the town, who becomes the embodied symbol of the people's resistance,



Advance repulsed: Molly (Carla Lehmann) will have nothing to do with Lt. Tonder (Alan Haines)

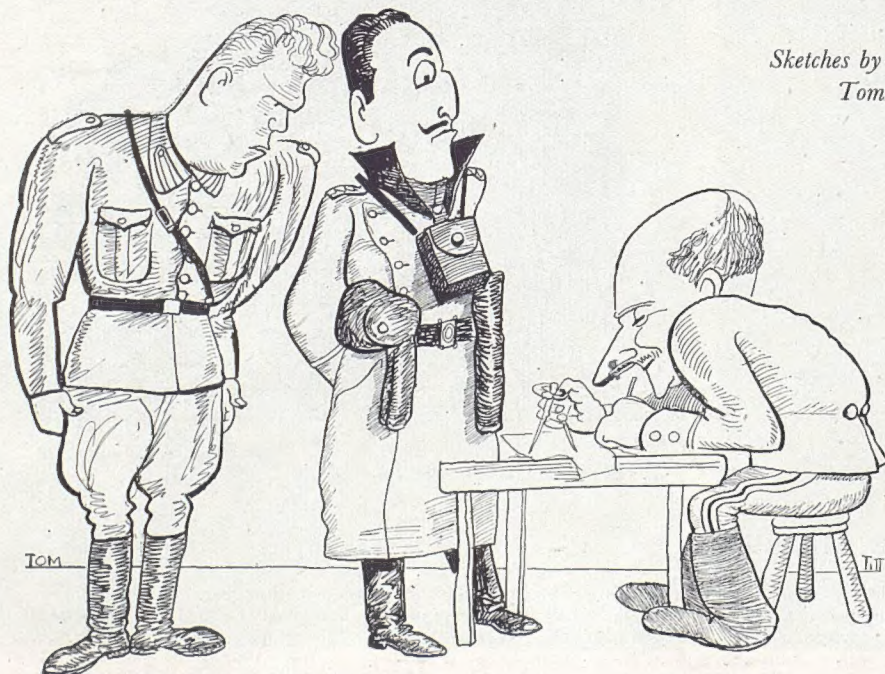
and the colonel in command of the German troops, who not merely embodies the uncompromising Nazi principle of might is right, but is presented as a human being troubled by such doubts as Hamlet might have understood. The unqualified villain of the piece is a local quisling, whose personal ambitions override patriotism, and the common virtues of loyalty, friendship, and good faith.

We are introduced to these leading characters at their first meeting in the mayor's house. The invasion has come like a bolt from the blue. The Germans have just reached the town, and the colonel in command comes to arrange the routine details of the occupation. It is a fateful meeting. The mayor is hurriedly dressing, and his wife, with tragi-comic irrelevance, is fussing over official niceties of etiquette for an historic occasion that, in her experience, has no precedent. The mayor is bewildered, the townsfolk are stunned. The town itself is isolated: no news comes through from the capital. Local rumour is disquieting, and seems incredible. A show of resistance by some of the young men of the town has been ruthlessly repressed by the invaders. There have been casualties; and the German commander hopes to come to terms with the mayor, as the chief authority and representative of the people, that will prevent further violence and ensure a peaceful occupation.

Needless to say, this meeting, while fraught with humours and heroics, settles nothing of the kind. It kindles the fire of resistance that later flames; gives the first (and perhaps the best) act of the play an exciting start, and establishes the characters and interest of the two chief figures in a drama that, for the mayor, can have only one end.

These two characters are admirably sustained. As the mayor, Mr. Lewis Casson makes concessions neither to histrionics in his acting, nor to appeasement in his dealings with the enemy, but inspires his people, meets his heroic fate, and speaks his Socratic apologia with affecting integrity. Mr. Karel Stepanek does sensitive justice to the colonel's subordination of philosophic theory to harsh practice; and the rest of the company do all that their parts demand and allow. And while the dramatic tension of the play may slacken between curtain rise and curtain fall, its sentiments remain exalted, and its picture of civilian heroism in war is both moving and clear.

Sketches by
Tom Titt



The invaders, Lt. Pracle (Humphrey Heathcote) and Capt. Loft (Richard Carr), are baffled by Major Hunter (Julian D'Albie) and his hobby



"If we had met for the first time to-night, would you have made love to me?"

Hans Wild

Judy Campbell, Dangerous Intruder

What happens when an irresistible force meets a not-too-resisting object? The mocking seduction scene on the sofa in Noel Coward's *Present Laughter* supplies the answer. Judy Campbell is the conquering siren, Noel Coward the amenable actor and amorist. This flippant, witty comedy alternates at the Haymarket with *This Happy Breed*, a study of suburban life and humours, in which Judy Campbell casts glamour aside and plays the drab and loyal wife to Coward's Cockney Everyman. Surprising? Hardly, for she was schooled in the Liverpool Repertory under William Armstrong. Her London debut was in the revue *New Faces*. Coward guessed she was a real actress by the way she put over "A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square," the song-hit which made her name. He knew for sure after seeing her in *Watch on the Rhine*, and took her on his long pre-London tour in which she also played the ghost wife in *Blithe Spirit*. After the Coward season ends on July 3, Judy wants another serious part. Meanwhile, they say, she's writing a play



Brompton Oratory Wedding

Viscount French, King's Royal Rifle Corps, and Miss Maureen Kelly, daughter of Major H. J. Kelly, U.S. Army, and Mrs. Kelly, of Stow Bedon Hall, Norfolk, were married on June 5th



Lord and Lady Willington and Wedding Lunch Guests

S/Ldr. the Marquess of Willington, R.A.F.V.R., and Miss Daphne Caldwell were married in London on June 9th. At a small family lunch-party held afterwards were Capt. Britten Jones, Mrs. Glen, Marie Marchioness of Willington, Lord and Lady Willington, Mrs. Caldwell, Earl de la Warr and Lady Stalbridge



A Guards' Chapel Christening

Joanna Jane, the baby daughter of Lt.-Col. Darley Bridge, M.C., Coldstream Guards, and Mrs. Darley Bridge, was christened on June 9th at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. In this picture, taken after the ceremony, are Col. and Mrs. F. W. Clowes; Mrs. Francis Glyn, holding the baby; Mrs. Boden, the baby's grandmother; and Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Darley Bridge

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Allied Nations' Fair

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN arrived at the Allied Nations' Fair in the garden of Clarence House, St. James's Palace (for so many years the home of the veteran Duke of Connaught), looking particularly charming in a lovely shade of pale mauve, and one of her favourite halo hats, trimmed with violets. Her simple austerity bouquet was of fresh garden pinks. Lady Nunburnholme, her tall Lady-in-Waiting, drove over with her from Buckingham Palace.

King Haakon of Norway came to the Fair on Tuesday morning, and there was an exciting period when Queen Marie of Yugoslavia actually took a turn at serving at the Yugoslav stall. Another royal visitor was Prince Bernhard, and there were many distinguished people besides.

The Fair was in aid of the Red Cross and

St. John organisation, and Lady Louis Mountbatten, in her St. John uniform, led the Queen round the stalls. Lady Violet Astor was another good-looking wearer of the St. John uniform, and Mrs. Churchill looked as delightful as ever in a hat of brown chip straw and a pale blue-grey coat.

Mme. Maisky toured the stalls with evident and well-merited interest: most of those in command wore the costumes of the various nations, and pleasant things included hot Brazilian coffee at the Brazilian stall, cakes and hot sausages served by Czechs in the picturesque costume of their country, delicious doughnuts to be had from two American mobile canteens, and cooling drinks to be bought from the Greeks, who also sang very nicely.

Courteous as ever, monocled Sir John Monck, Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, who is reputed to speak at least twenty-two languages, was there to introduce members of foreign Governments and other notabilities of the Allied nations to Her Majesty; and Lord Clarendon, who, as Lord Chamberlain, had had to give permission for the Fair to take place, was another noticeable figure. Lord Clarendon, like the Prime Minister, is an inveterate smoker of cigars, and except while he was in immediate attendance on the Queen, he was smoking a cigar in his favourite amber holder as he walked round the gardens of St. James's, crowded with men and women famous in London and half-a-dozen other European capitals.

There were hoop-là and auctions, and an interesting stall was that of Hutchinson's, the publishers, representing publications of eleven of the Allied nations: all proceeds from the sale of the books went to the cause.

Threats of rain on the first day deterred no one, and the second day was rewardingly fine.

A Thousand Down

NOT for a long time has the West End seen a party with such zest and spirit as the one given by G/Capt. "Sailor" Malan and his fellow-officers of the R.A.F. Biggin Hill Fighter Sector to celebrate the shooting-down of the 1000th enemy aircraft by pilots of the sector. Every mess in the sector contributed to the free buffet, and dancing was to the strains of one of the best bands in the R.A.F. Toasts to past successes

(Continued on page 362)



Virginia and Diana Tomkinson are Christened

The twin daughters of Capt. and Mrs. W. R. Tomkinson were christened on June 6th. Princess Helena Victoria was a godmother. Above are Miss Joyce Tomkinson, Mrs. North, Miss Virginia Ansdell (holding Virginia), Miss Aileen Gregory, Lady Blare (proxy for Princess Helena Victoria), Capt. Vaughan Morgan, Mrs. Holmes Walker (holding Diana), Capt. Tomkinson, Mr. A. J. Ballingal, and Mrs. Tomkinson and her small son



King Haakon of Norway bought raffle tickets from some young French girls

Queen Marie of Yugoslavia was selling at the Yugoslav stall

The Queen talked to Mrs. Wellington Koo, wife of the Chinese Ambassador

Royal Visitors at the Allied Fair

The Queen was Present on the Opening Day

The Allied Nations Summer Fair, arranged by the Red Cross and St. John War Organisation, was held in the gardens of Clarence House, London. Sir Philip Chetwode, Lady Louis Mountbatten and Lady Limerick were among the reception committee, and showed the Queen round the stalls of fourteen Allied nations. Her Majesty made several purchases, and over £1200 was taken on the first day



The Earl of Bessborough chatted to the Hon. Mrs. Simon Rodney



At the lucky dip: Mrs. Sylvia Schucpe, Lady Ebbisham and Lieut. Farmiloe



Lady Grosfield attended to business at the Greek stall



Lady Ovey served drinks at the Mexican stall



Mme. Lobkowicz (centre), wife of the Czech Ambassador, is seen with helpers at her stall

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

and to future fights were pledged by pilots during the evening. Air Chief-Marshall Sir Stafford Leigh-Mallory, Chief of Fighter Command, looked in for a short time while dancing was at its height, but Air Chief-Marshall Sir Arthur Harris, Chief of Bomber Command, found at the last minute that he could not be present. It was rumoured that the Prime Minister was coming to the party, but Mr. Churchill, too, had other engagements which kept him away.

When the band played the National Anthem just before three in the morning, most of the pilots and their friends present felt as if the dance had lasted only an hour or two instead of the six hours that had passed since "Sailor" Malan welcomed his first guest in the ballroom.

Film Premiere

THE premiere of *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp* was almost like a pre-war film first night, with glaring arc-lamps illuminating the well-known people who more or less fought their way into the cinema. The Prime Minister was cheered terrifically, and he made the V sign as he made his way out. Mrs. Churchill had arrived before him, and so had Mrs. Eden, Mr. Oliver Lyttelton and the Foreign Secretary and Lady Margaret Alexander. Mrs. Philip Hill was receiving congratulations in the hall for the success of her efforts in arranging this show, much of which was due to the hard work put in by Mrs. Madge Clarke, the organiser. Lady Margaret's parents, Lord and Lady Lucan, were there, and so was her sister, Lady Barbara Bevan, and other important people included Lord and Lady Cranborne and Lord and Lady Cromer. It was amusing to note the diversity of opinion among the women as to what should be worn. While Lady Margaret Alexander and Mrs. Eden, Mrs. Hill and Lady Londonderry wore simple clothes and no hats, Mrs. Churchill had her steely-grey hair wrapped around by the wisp of spotted tulle which is a fashion all her own, and Lady Bradford was in full evening dress of glittering blue sequins and white feather cape. Lady Bearsted and Lady Jellicoe wore hats, and Lady Greig, who came with Sir Louis and their girls, Bridget and Jean, was another in a hat.

Seen About London

PEOPLE continue to lunch and dine out, in and out of uniform: some attracted to the new Albany Club in Savile Row included the Dowager Lady Selsdon, the Rt. Hon. Lord Bennett, Mr. R. Coppick, the new chairman of the London County Council; Sylvia Lady



Faver

To be Married

Miss Diana Elizabeth Vernon, only daughter of Sir Norman and Lady Vernon, is to marry Mr. Bohuslav F. Kovarik, C.M.C., D.F.M., Czech Air Force, on July 3rd

Poulett; Mr. Wakefield, M.P.; Major Taylor, M.P.; Sir Herbert and Lady Williams, and, representing stage and screen, Mr. Eric Portman, Mr. Sid Field and Mr. Ronald Frankau.

Competing for admiration in Berkeley Square were Miss Deborah Kerr and a tree-creeper, shy country bird, almost as surprising a patron of the famous square as the legendary nightingale. At the same time, Mr. Bobby Howes bowled by in a taxi, and Mr. Cyril Ritchard strode along the pavement.

Miss Joan Maxwell-Stuart was out dancing after work, wearing an attractive corduroy suit; other strenuous young ladies relaxing were Miss Ann Glass and Miss Felicity Watt.

Mrs. Elliot Ware was to be seen in a smart hat as a change from uniform; Mrs. Charles Sweeney emerged in her becoming American Red Cross uniform; and the Marquise de Montaglieri, up from her country cottage, looked charming beneath a slanting hat-brim.

Christening

SIR ANTHONY and Lady Meyer's baby daughter was christened Carolyn Clare Barbadee at the King's Chapel of the Savoy, by Canon W. H.



Dorothy Wilding

Coming of Age

Miss Valerie Bell, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Bell, of Hayes Barton, Pyrford, Surrey, comes of age this month. She has been working as a full-time V.A.D. for over two years

Elliott. She was dressed in a long robe of Honiton lace, to which was pinned the brooch given her by Princess Elizabeth. The font looked very pretty with its decorations of blue and white flowers. The godparents were Miss Winifred Hardinge, daughter of Sir Alexander and Lady Hardinge, who is in the W.R.N.S., and whose engagement has just been announced to Mr. J. A. Murray, who is in the Grenadiers; Lady Errington, Lord Rosse, and Mr. Rawdon Pember, all fellow-officers of the baby's father; he is in the Scots Guards, Lord Rosse is an Irish Guardsman and Mr. Pember in the Scots. Before the christening there was a lunch in the old Stuart Court Room of the Tallow Chandlers' Hall, one of the few surviving buildings belonging to the ancient guilds of the City. This was chosen because the baby's grandfather, Mr. Charles Knight, is a member of the court of that Guild, and Lady Meyer's own christening reception took place there twenty-one years ago. After the ceremony everyone went on to St. James's Palace, where Lady Hardinge lent her apartments for the cutting of the cake, which was a tier of the

(Concluded on page 376)



Johnson, Oxford



Clapperton, Selkirk

Three Garden Fetes for the Red Cross and "Wings for Victory"

Beechwood House, Hadley Woods, was the scene of a garden fete in aid of the Red Cross and St. John Fund. Viscountess Bridgeman was received by Mrs. Reeres, owner of Beechwood House, on her arrival

Above is Lady Eastwood, who was chief organiser of the Yately, Hants., "Wings for Victory" Week. She is seen playing bowls during a fete held in the grounds of her home at Yately

The Hon. Anne and the Hon. Elizabeth Cholmondeley, daughters of Lord Delamere, bought a chicken at the garden fete held at Balham Ancrum, in aid of the Red Cross Prisoners of War Fund



Sir Stafford Cripps, Lord Privy Seal, came with his wife and daughter



The Prime Minister sat between Mrs. Churchill and Mrs. Anthony Eden, wife of the Foreign Secretary

“Colonel Blimp’s” First Night Spectators at the Odeon for a Film Premiere



Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen was with his wife and Sir Richard Cruise



The Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry arrived together at the film premiere



Young marrieds there were Capt. the Hon. Michael and Mrs. Dillon



Miss Oriel Ross was in the foyer with Sir Paul Dukes



Lord and Lady Brabazon of Tara were two more there



Lt. McLain accompanied Mr. Adolphe Menjou, the well-known film actor

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

BEING clipper-built, with very little freeboard, the average Japanese sweetheart will not grieve the aching eye in trousers—now obligatory, by Government decree, because kimonos demand too much material—as do some of our more opulent Western babies, for whom our heart has so often bled.

Scrapping the kimono will save time as well as money, a traveller tells us, its principal and most expensive ornament, the immensely long, wide belt called the *obi*, requiring as much manipulation to be correct as the red silk sash bullfighters wear. Whether the cherryblossom, butterflies, and other traditional motifs of the kimono will be transferred to the trousers is not clear, but seems likely. Anything that mitigates the drab absurdity of trousers is welcome, for which reason we praise the nerve of an eminent London dramatic critic we know who went on a semi-official visit to Prague some years ago with other British notables, overslept himself on the morning of some Government festivity, and got there just in time in gaily-striped pyjamas, overcoat, hat, and boots, worn with immense dignity. The Czechs thought it was the latest Piccadilly mode and the *jeunesse dorée* of Prague were seen taking the air in due course in the brightest of pants, by all accounts. It apparently didn't occur to anybody present to ask the critic where his banjo was.

Footnote

CITIZENS who play that frightful animal-vegetable-mineral guessing game at domestic parties next Christmas ought to be able to baffle the world by thinking of the third chrysanthemum from the left on the western rearward sector of the Sunday pants of a Japanese female chartered accountant from Kobe with weak eyesight named Hon. Miss Moonlit Stewed Prune. We throw out the hint in pure altruism, never mixing personally with the kind of people who play games like that.

Trauma

ONE obvious minor reason for the recent revolution in Argentina has escaped the serious leader-writers, namely the fact that Buenos Aires is laid out with devilish exactitude in rectangles, interminable parallel streets and avenues crossing other interminable parallel streets and avenues at regular intervals. Our theory is that this inhuman device drives the citizens of Buenos Aires nuts and makes periodical revolt inevitable.

At the same time, this arrangement makes revolutions more difficult, as Baron Haussmann well knew when he cleared away so many of the tangled streets of Old Paris and drove those wide avenues and boulevards to and from, each a clear field of fire for Government troops. This disposed of (a) the barricades and (b) the white butterflies which used to settle on barricades after a street-battle for the benefit of Special Correspondents doing "colour" or "human interest" stuff. To see a butterfly on a barricade or anywhere else, requires no great journalistic talent, actually. We used to know a chap who spent his time sneaking up on tiptoe and brushing butterflies off perfect strangers' backs in the dead of winter. There was nothing else wrong with him and it was just a sex-trauma, known as Goldberg's Lesion, the psycho-analysts said.

This may be also the missing explanation of poor Mr. Robert Benchley's trouble (butterflies in the stomach), which we mentioned sympathetically the other week. It may even explain Auntie *Times'* little readers' curious passion for reporting the movements of butterflies every Spring. They look all right, but have you ever noticed their eyes?



"No, thank you—just my arm"

Stoogery

B.B.C. audiences who set up that familiar mechanical roar every time a B.B.C. comedian opens his mouth are to be affiliated to the National Union of Stooges, our spies at Portland Place report, and may get a living wage.

It's about time, you'll agree. Those audiences work hard, they have to keep their eye on the cheer-leader's wand, and if one of them fails to come in on the laugh at the right moment, he or she is subjected to vile threats by the B.B.C. Gestapo, it is said. Most of them are allowed, however, to bring their knitting. Unlike the professional stooges employed in Whitehall and the City, the B.B.C. Variety stooge has no friends among the humbler *valetaille*, and even the lascars down in the boiler-room under Deck A treat him like dirt. That vacant glassy look is partly natural and partly acquired through fear of Mr. Watt. There is no active ill-usage, owing to the tireless surveillance of Our Dumb Chums' League, and any stooge with a good loud giggle can put in overtime by supplying "background" or "effects" stuff for the Brains Trust. Most stooges with a respectable upbringing would rather starve.

The National Union of Stooges (regd., Trade Union Act, 1928) started in a small way in Fleet Street in 1927, when the fifteen principal yes-men of the *Daily Snoop* went as a deputation to their owner, a terrible mogul, greatly feared, and said: "Kick one, you kick all." The Big Shot then kicked all and the deputation withdrew.

(Concluded on page 366)



"They were left behind when the Ministry took the Club over"

Biggin Hill Celebrates in London

"Sailor" Malan's
Famous Sector
Holds a Ball



With "Sailor" Malan (centre) are Cmdt. "Rene," D.F.C., Croix de Guerre, and S/Ldr. Charles, D.F.C., the two pilots responsible for the 1000th victim



This was one of the striking decorations hanging on the wall of the ballroom



A model Spitfire hung from the gallery

There were a thousand guests at the Ball held at Grosvenor House by members of the famous Biggin Hill Sector of Fighter Command, to commemorate the destruction of their 1000th victim. G/Capt. A. G. Malan, D.S.O., D.F.C. and bar, who commands the sector, was the chief host. There were three R.A.F. bands and a cabaret, and the guests included the Chiefs of Bomber and Fighter Commands



Capt. Balfour sat by W/Cdr. John Cunningham, D.S.O. and bar, D.F.C. and bar, one of Fighter Command's leading night fighters



Three New Zealanders there were W/Cdr. P. G. Jameson, D.S.O., D.F.C. and bar, W/Cdr. A. C. Deere, D.S.O., D.F.C. and bar, and W/Cdr. G. P. Wells, D.S.O., D.F.C. and bar



W/Cdr. Scott-Malden, D.S.O., D.F.C. and bar, was with Miss Crowther and Mrs. Milne



Here are W/Cdr. Thomas, D.S.O., D.S.C. and bar, and Mrs. Thomas



S/Ldr. Kingaby, D.S.O., D.F.M. and two bars, and his wife were with S/Ldr. and Mrs. Stone

Standing By ...

(Continued)

Thaw

AT the trial of the North Berwickshire witches (1590) Isabel Rutherford testified that during the coven or sabbat a tall grim dark man in gray appeared and they all had to give him the ceremonial kiss (*osculum infame*), "quhillk was cauld, lyke yce." Margaret Lister of the same coven said Satan took her by the hand and "hys haund was gey cauld." Witches tried in Germany, England, Flanders, and the Basque country testified the same. This seems to us to have some bearing on a booksy girl's recent remark that the Island Race is losing some of its frigidity and loosening up to strangers and foreigners.

This innocent remark has caused cynical laughter among the more experienced booksy girls in the racket, we find. "Frigidity! She ought to fly to an international coven with Dirty Gertie and me and some of the girls," said a dishevelled woman novelist last week, "before talking about frigidity! After the Dark One's welcome I guess almost anybody's would seem warm and cosy—even a County cricketer's." A leading publisher said later, rather nervously: "Them babies had ought to watch their step, talking about covens and so forth. It shakes public confidence." A literary agent said, shrugging, "What do you expect from Joe Schmaltz's beauty-chorus, all hairpins and hysteria?"

Afterthought

ACTUALLY, we gather, the Race is thawing somewhat and speaking to people occasionally; even to foreigners, though what Prof. Boillot of Bristol wrote pensively in one of the reviews some years ago still holds, more or less: "*Foreign* has a pejorative sense. In the mouth of the British populace it spontaneously attracts the word *bloody*." In the mouth of the French—at least the Parisian—populace, in our own experience, the same word *étranger* had a less forceful sense, except in the 1920's, when the franc kept falling and *étranger* became

equivalent to "cholera," "ratsbane," or "louse." Not that one minds such things, among friends.

Contretemps

IT was Denials Week in the Law Courts recently, we noticed from the reports. Everybody denied everything day after day, reminding students of the Law Reports of the famous case of Fred Pinhead and O-So-Kozie Kiddies' Kombinations, Ltd., v. Aggie Bapchurch, the Army Council, Bolivian Underseas Tramways, the Zoological Society, and Mrs. Gowle. (Cheese, J.) Mr. Bawle, K.C. for the defence, rose at the opening and said: "We deny everything." This dialogue ensued:

MR. JUSTICE CHEESE: You mean everything in this case?—No, just everything.

MR. JUSTICE CHEESE: Not every little thing there is?—Every darned little thing there is.

MR. JUSTICE CHEESE: Go on, you're fooling! Deny the Battle of Waterloo.—All right, we deny the Battle of Waterloo.

MR. JUSTICE CHEESE: This is certainly going to be a pippin of a case, friends.

So it was, the defendants denying absolutely everything, so furiously that a Society Dean in court fainted with admiration and was borne out. The case ended on the eighth day in a free-for-all, contusions all round, and judgment with costs for a girl named Ruby Givins, of whom nobody had ever heard.

Change

REMARKING that the difference between this war and World War I is that in this one the War Office is on our side, some low scribbler seems to be taking Slogger Lloyd George's view, so freely implied in his Memoirs, that the last war would have been a good one but for the brasshats. (The brasshats' memoirs say the same thing about the politicians, with more venom.)

Things have greatly changed, apart from the present politico-military entente. In



"It's the washing-up that's getting me down"

the last war the troops rarely saw a general (as the Slogger remarks) except when a streak of burnished brass flashed past in a Staff car, when they knew that more divisions were going to be flung fruitlessly into the "drowning mud of Passchendaele" to gratify Haig's addiction to one fixed idea. In this war the generals are right up among the rough stuff and greatly admired. Official communiqués from the Front are also different. In 1914-18 they were often masterpieces of selective art; they are now (1943) plain statements of fact. And once more, the brasshats' big idea in the last war—to quote the same authority—was to starve our Allies of ammunition, which explains the Russian collapse and also Caporetto. To-day our Allies get the stuff with the morning milk.

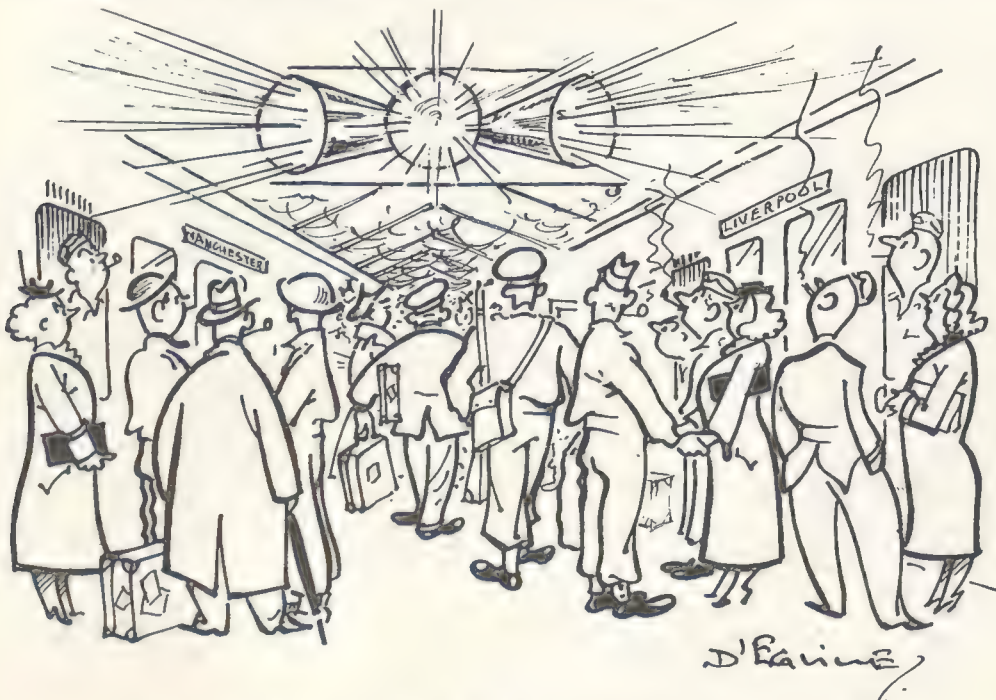
Test

HENCE when the memoirs of World War II appear, you won't have to buy them all, probably, to find out what really happened, as if they were a bunch of newspapers. Look up the various eyewitness accounts of the public hanging of Kaiser Wilhelm II in Whitehall (Derby Day, 1919), for example, and you'll get a surprise.

Nocturne

A BRIEF news-item about a night-alarm at a country house in Scotland reminded us of the adventure, self-related, of a celebrated Victorian Scottish divine; a story familiar to many of his countrymen. The minister was staying for the first time at a rich house, and when a footman showed him to his room after tea he concluded it was bedtime in high life, got between the sheets, and was soon happily asleep. The roar of the dinner-gong woke him suddenly and he ran into the corridor in his nightshirt, in some perturbation. "An' there what did I see but a wheen half-naked weemen rushin' pellmell doon the stairs! Man, I kenned fine what it was, so I lifted up ma voice and cried 'Flee for your lives, folks, the hoose is afire!'"

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"You have just been listening to Miss Daisy Clutterbuck announcing the departure of the 4.30 Liverpool train from Platform 14, and reminding passengers for Manchester to change at Crewe. Bon voyage, everybody—BON voyage!"

*Bertram Park*

Farming in Wiltshire: Viscountess Weymouth

Lady Weymouth, formerly the Hon. Daphne Vivian, is the elder daughter of the fourth Baron Vivian and a sister of the present peer. She married the son and heir of the Marquess of Bath in 1927. At present Lady Weymouth is running her own farm, at Sturford Mead, Warminster, one of the farms on the Longleat Estate. Her speciality is breeding Wiltshire cows. She also takes an active interest in the Women's Institutes and Red Cross work in Wiltshire. Her husband, Major Lord Weymouth, formerly M.P. for Frome Division of Somerset, is now serving in the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry; he has been abroad for three years and was wounded last November. The Weymouths have four children; the eldest is Caroline, aged fifteen, and there are three sons, Alexander, Christopher and Valentine.

"The Russians"

Rehearsed in Moscow Within Sound of the Guns, the First Russian War Play Seen in England is Given by the Old Vic Co. at the Playhouse



Enter the Spy

Act I, Scene 2, headquarters of an isolated Russian unit. Koslovsky (centre), the spy (Roy Malcolm), joins the guerillas and shows his false credentials. The girl scout, Valya (left; Freda Jackson), who works between the occupied town and the guerillas, has heard his voice while hiding



The Spy is Not Recognised

Koslovsky, the Quisling spy (Roy Malcolm), recognises Vasin (Franklin Dyll) as his uncle. Vasin, the veteran of many wars, has become Chief of Staff to Safonov, the guerilla leader



Rosalind Atkinson as Marfa

The mother of Captain Safonov, the young Commander of the isolated Russian detachment

● Tyrone Guthrie's Old Vic-C.E.M.A. production *Russians*, by Konstantin Simonov, came to the Playhouse June 10; when the proceeds went to the Stalingrad Fund of the Joint Committee for Soviet Aid. Actual events drawn from many fronts make the story of Russian resistance more than a documentary of guerilla warfare. The writer, Captain Safonov and Valya, the girl scout with the Order of the Red Star, are real people.



In the Shadows

Panin, the writer (David Carr), the detachment's Intelligence officer, and the brave Valya (Freda Jackson) talk sadly of war's tragedy. Their comrade, Ilyin, has been killed. Panin's secretary, Shura, was in love with him



Olga Lindo as Marya

Patriotic wife of the town's Quisling Mayor (Russell Thorndike). The Germans hang them both



Portrait for Inspection

Act 3, Scene 2 opens. The bearded Globa (Arthur Hambling) exhibits a picture of Panin's girl friend

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is a young war correspondent who has penetrated behind the enemy lines in the north, travelled by submarine to Rumania and sent back dispatches from the ruins of Stalingrad. His play was written in 1941, produced in Moscow in 1942, serialised in *Pravda*. It won a Stalin Prize this year and is being played throughout the Soviet Union by many companies. It has been staged in America and is to be filmed there and in Russia. This is its first English production

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Lovers' Parting

Captain Safonov (Michael Golden), wounded and short of sleep, says good-bye to Valya (Freda Jackson) on the river-bank before she swims across into enemy territory



Sentence of Death

Koslovsky the spy is sentenced to death—and shot. Valya has been captured; Globa must swim the river and replace her



The Last Cup

Globa (Arthur Hambling) says good-bye. He is to get caught and to give false information. Valya thinks he is a traitor, but he dies to save her as the town is recaptured by the Red Army

Women in the Services



Hay Wrightson

Mrs. Sloan Colt, wife of Mr. S. Sloan Colt, President of the Bankers' Trust, New York, is now working in London. Mrs. Sloan Colt is Director of Staff Welfare in the American Red Cross, of which she has been a member for twenty-five years



Harlip

Lady Violet Astor is County President of the Kent Nursing Division of the St. John Ambulance Brigade. She is a daughter of the fourth Earl of Minto, and her husband, the Hon. J. J. Astor, brother of Viscount Astor, is the Unionist Member of Parliament for Dover



Yvonne Gregory

Miss J. M. Woolcombe has recently been appointed Deputy Director (Manning), W.R.N.S. She is the only daughter of the late Admiral Maurice Woolcombe, C.B., R.N., who commanded H.M.S. Valiant in the Battle of Jutland, and she has served in the W.R.N.S. since the outbreak of war



Harlip

The Hon. Viola Lyttelton is a Flight Officer in the W.A.A.F. She is Viscount Cobham's eldest daughter and a cousin of Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, Minister of Production. Her only brother, Lt.-Colonel the Hon. Charles Lyttelton, R.A., married Miss Elizabeth Makeig-Jones last year



Group Officer S. F. Wynne-Eyton is senior W.A.A.F. staff officer on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief, Middle East Command. In 1939 she was a member of the A.T.S., but transferred to the W.A.A.F. on its formation. She was senior W.A.A.F. staff officer at Technical Training Command previous to her present appointment



Vandyke

Miss Elizabeth Mure is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Mure, of Bodicote House, Banbury. She is just twenty-one, and is serving at W.R.N.S. headquarters. Miss Mure is related to the Earl of Eglinton, through her grandmother, the late Lady Georgiana Mure, who was a daughter of the fifteenth Earl

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

An Illustrious Amphibian

I BELIEVE I am the only First Lord to have done this!" In my humble submission, m'lud, not quite! Your lordship has omitted to remember Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., who, as may be recalled, rose to the giddy eminence of his office by so diligently polishing up the brass knobs on his employer's big front door. Of course, your lordship's achievement in going to sea in a minesweeper when it was blowing great guns off Grimsby completely outshines Sir Joseph's, for H.M.S. *Pinafore* was riding at her anchors on the Portsmouth tide, and must, therefore, have been lying just off Gosport, where H.M.S. *Victory* and the old training ship H.M.S. *St. Vincent* used to lie. Sir Joseph, therefore, had only to traverse a few cables' length from the Portsmouth Hard, and his barge can hardly have rolled. Your lordship's courageous adventure is remarkable, and quite historic for another reason. Is not sugar (including barley-sugar) severely rationed, and is not barley-sugar, next to a piece of fat pork tied to a string, the most recommended specific for that distressing ailment caused by the antics of "the loud-resounding sea"? It may be useful for general purposes to record that The Faculty say that, if you suck a large stick of barley-sugar lying on the left side with your legs drawn up, you will never be sick at sea. An admirable bit of advice, no doubt, provided that you are not bound for China or Patagonia. Personally, I do not think that I could keep it up (or down, as the case might be) all that time.

Sea Dogs

THE First Lord's astonishing performance must recall to all of us that occasion when we said to the Captain: "Shiver my timbers, Cap; I'm sorry for the poor purser, the bo'sun and the crew! They've forgotten to bring their barley-sugar with them!" The Right Honourable gentleman also will no doubt have gone to sea with a full recollection of the story of the Scotsman who, suffering severely from an inferiority complex, a very rare thing in one of his race, said: "Theer was they wi' their pairtridges and

their pheesants and their oysters, and me wi' me parritch and me parritch, and me parritch! Mon, A was feer shamed!"

"The Delhi Spearmen"

THE 9th Lancers, one of the lucky regiments which has not been left out in the unfortunately incomplete list of those which have added to their battle honours in the recent operations in North Africa, collected this sobriquet a many, many years ago, when they formed a part of a very small force ordered upon what looked like a hopeless task—to capture Delhi on the outbreak of the Mutiny in 1857. The C-in-C. Anson said "Impossible!" Lawrence said: "Not impossible!" And so it proved. The other units in this handful which moved out from Umballa were the 75th (1st Gordon Highlanders), the 1st and 2nd Bengal (Royal Munster) Fusiliers and two troops of Horse Artillery. The 9th were then commanded by Colonel Hope Grant, and very gallantly did they earn the right to be called "the Delhi Spearmen"—just as gallantly, in fact, as they have earned their present somewhat tardy mention. Incidentally, they have no fewer than eleven Indian battle honours, and speaking subject to correction, I think this is a record for the cavalry. They descend from a regiment embodied in 1697; disbanded at the close of Marlborough's campaigns, re-embodied in 1715 at the time of the first Jacobite rebellion. F.-M. Lord Milne, himself a gunner, after deploring the scant mention which the Royal Regiment got for its magnificent part in the recent campaign, said that there seemed to be "some dead hand somewhere which hid what was going on." The enemy knew in almost every case the names of the people from whom he had taken this hell of a hiding, yet we at home get only an incomplete list. Since Lord Milne's protest in the Lords, we have been told the number of that gallant battery (the 155th) which lost all its officers and 95 per cent. of its men, the dead lying thick around their smashed guns, but we were not told the names.



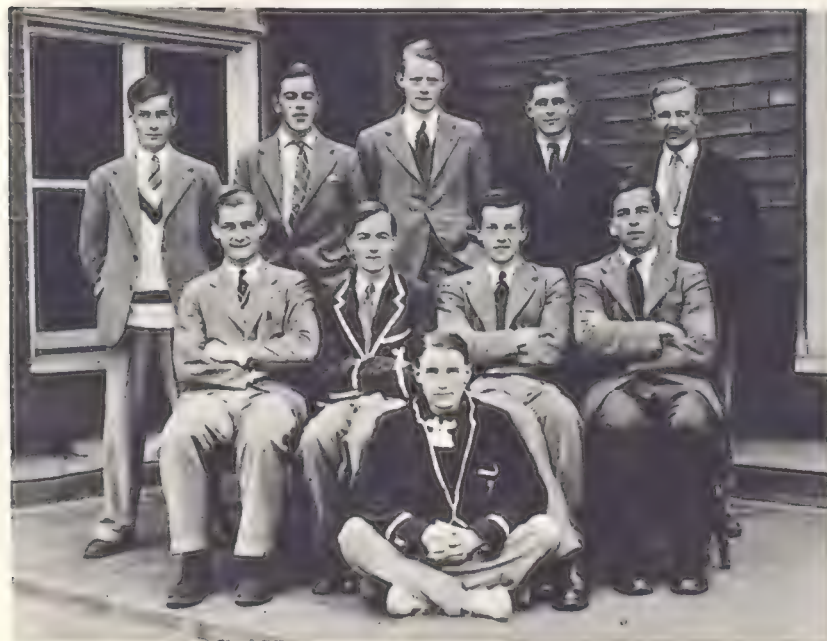
Australian Cricketers D. R. Stuart

P/O. A. E. Barras, M.M., and F/O. K. A. Campbell, D.F.C., played for the Royal Australian Air Force XI. when they met Sir Pelham Warner's team at Lord's recently.

"The Glorious . . ."

THE Scots have a phrase which has never been adequately translated into English. It is this: "Ablins aye! Ablins na!" It is immensely applicable to something which will have happened before this can appear in print, and about which at the time of writing I have no means of knowing. Ablins means something more than just "perhaps." It may nearly approximate the renaissance of Nasrullah, who let all his friends down so badly in the Two Thousand. After that race he looked an impossibility for the Derby; then, because his jockey said after winning a race on the stable companion Umiddad, that he was not sure that it might not have been the blinkers which caused the disaster in the Two Thousand, up came Nasrullah two points in the betting, and it at once became a case of "Ablins": he might or he mightn't; you just cannot tell.

(Concluded on page 372)



The Trinity Eight Head of the River at Oxford

The Oxford May Eights were held this year as an attraction for Oxford's "Wings for Victory" Week. In the Trinity Eight, who finished Head of the River, were (standing) G. R. Wace, J. M. Wotherspoon, P. Moore, J. W. C. Mooney, N. Anderson; (sitting) E. Garsed, R. H. Balme, J. E. Von Bergen, H. Neely; (in front) R. Faulkner



Johnson, Oxford

Members of the winning Trinity Eight showed their appreciation in a drastic manner by hurling their cox, R. Faulkner, into the river after he had steered them to victory on the final night of the Oxford May Eights



Oxford Tennis Players D. R. Stuart

Members of the Oxford University lawn tennis team are (sitting) P. H. Nye (Balliol), S. Ardeshir (Hertford; captain), P. Carton-Kelly (Exeter); (standing) R. A. Prichard (Trinity), D. B. Mallard (Corpus), I. Childs (Balliol). Prichard is a grandson of the well-known player, F. L. Riseley



Squadron's Fine Record Johnson, Oxford

Five members of one of the smaller R.A.F. squadrons hold the D.F.C. They are F/Lt. J. Carriere, D.F.C.; W/Cdr. E. C. le Mesurier, D.S.O., D.F.C., F/Lt. C. D. Harris St. John, D.F.C. and Bar, F/Lt. W. Pearson, D.F.C., and S/Ldr. G. F. H. Webb, D.F.C., seen here with S/Ldr. F. Cooper (not in uniform), who was host at the social evening when this picture was taken

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

The Prophetess

SOMEONE, so I observe, has been interviewing Rudyard Kipling's only sister, Mrs. J. M. Fleming, particularly upon the subject as to whether "the Poet of Empire" is dead or alive. Of course he is not dead. Many of us knew both Kipper and this charming lady in old days in India, the latter particularly *temp*: Curzon of Kedleston and K. of K., a rather tempestuous and not unamusing epoch. Mrs. Fleming did not, I see, tell her interviewer of her adventures as a reader of the future in the lines in the palms of men's hands. She only did it at fancy fêtes, so far as my own experience went, but she went so uncomfortably near the mark in one instance that it made even this sceptic think a bit. I had never met her before I paid my five rupees, or whatever it was, to have my fortune told by "The Prophetess" at a big charity fête in Calcutta, and I know that she had never even heard of me. She said—or words to that effect—that within the next forty-eight hours I should very nearly lose my life. It was about the time of the big cold weather steeplechase meeting, at which I had, as I knew, at least one rather rocky ride, and a fall on Mother India's unyielding bosom meant that you got hurt. So I thought nothing of it; but the very next morning, when I was out hacking on the course watching the gallops, the scary brute I was riding suddenly went off her tail as if a wasp had stung her, the thin snaffle I had on her



Knighthood for Captain J. P. Black

Among the Birthday Honours is the name of Capt. J. P. Black, who receives a knighthood. He is managing director of the Standard Motor Co., a position to which he was appointed in 1929. He served in the last war in the Royal Navy and the Royal Tank Corps, retiring in 1919 with the rank of captain

snapped, and she went away bare-headed for home. There were telegraph-posts on the side of the road which (of course) she chose, and I kept lifting one knee after the other for the smash, but eventually she came to a main road where there were tram-lines, and as she tried to turn sharp left, down she came. I was shot on to the footpath between a telegraph-pole and a pillar-box. The space between, subsequently measured, was under 4 ft. I wrote and thanked "The Prophetess," and I expect she remembers a further caution she gave me about not riding an animal with two white socks behind. That also came off, but ended harmlessly, as another chap, Roly Pugh, and I were only chucked out of a cart when the thing bolted, and eventually came down. What a lot of jolly fun we used to have, to be sure!

A Capetown Enquiry

A CORRESPONDENT, whose name I fail to decipher, has sent me some cuttings from the *Cape Times* concerning the last-minute scratching of a horse engaged at one of their local meetings, a happening which, apparently, has caused indignation amongst some people, who, having heard that he had shown the owner a gallop which made him a certainty, promptly backed him. When the owner tried to do likewise he found that the cream had all been skimmed, and he promptly put the pen through the animal's name, saying that he did not run his horses for the public benefit, but to pay his own racing expenses. This is hardly a novel occurrence. The owner, of course, is fully entitled to do as he likes with his own.



Senior Officers' School

Front row: Majors U. R. Lucarotti, M.B.E., R. E. Hogarth, G. F. Wreford-Brown, V. Stott, Lt.-Cols. H. F. E. Smith, W. N. C. Waite, W. N. White-Thomson, R. F. Parry, M.C., R. P. H. Burbury, C. de B. de Lisle, J. G. Geddes, Colonel W. T. Stephenson, Brig. S. O. Jones, O.B.E., M.C., Colonel G. B. Vaughan-Hughes, M.C., Lt.-Cols. E. F. Bolton, D.S.O., S. H. P. K. Greenway, J. Masterton-Smith, J. S. Close, J. W. C. Williams, W. J. Tuchtie, R. C. Symonds, Majors E. Pickering, E.D., D. R. S. Northcote, L. Oliver, W. A. Venour. Second row: Majors G. Hickson, A. O. Swayne, T. P. Howkins, A. C. J. Congreve, J. C. A. Roseveare, P. Templeton, U. E. B. Roche, F. Cokayne, W. N. Gray, D. N. Durward, G. O. Gamble, M. W. Andrew, W. H. Gillespie, T. C. J. Dickson, K. D. Landell, M. Messer-Bennetts, R. H. J. Brooke, A. L. Semmence, F. E. Allday, A. E. Chessells, P. A. C. Bridgewater, W. A. Boothe, J. D. L. Morris, P. G. M. Lee, H. W. Cairns. Third row: Majors T. B. J. Eveleigh, C. B. Findlay, F. J. W. Seely, P. J. Keller, H. E. Miller, A. M. Russell, D. D. B. Cook, C. E. M. Bodenham, P. D. Barry, W. A. Lucas, C. F. Allen, D. B. Mackenzie, W. H. Ellis, H. O. P. McSheehy, F. P. Andre, R. Faulkner, M. P. Concanon, M.C., K. P. R. S. Dunolly, H. H. Goss, M. C. Sands, G. K. Trotter, M. C. Nairn, W. Young, H. A. A. Olivier, W. S. S. Sanguinetti, M. C. S. Brown. Back row: Majors E. Hulbert, D. A. M. MacLaren, D. H. V. Board, C. W. Barker, A. F. Coffin, D. G. Worthington, H. D. Haylen, D. F. Forbes, G. Montpetit, D. M. Carter-Campbell, V. C. Hamilton, J. A. E. P. Richardson, P. F. H. Wykeham, J. P. Peter-Hoblyn, C. L. Barnes, S. M. Lett, B. R. Richie, G. W. S. Bagshawe, N. I. Fraser, Sir R. H. D. Williams-Bulkeley, Bt., T. St. G. Carroll, F. A. Stephen, P. M. Marjoribanks-Egerton



“ . . . And I’ll Tak’ the Low Road ”

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

We sometimes hear tell of what happens when one of our fighters comes down to nought feet or thereabouts over enemy country—chimneys get knocked over and the plane comes home with its wings fouled by telegraph wires. Our artist suggests that similar impediments can be just as easily collected over the home front. Here is a Hawker Typhoon, our latest fighter, which has run too low over a farm and a laundry. Pram and baby are hitched to the tail wheel; a pig is jammed in the coolant radiator; a nanny goat is wedged in the port wheel of the undercarriage; the starboard wheel has fouled the hen-coop; one W.A.A.F. breaks into double time with refreshment for the baby, while another gets ready to milk the goat; the chef casts a rapacious eye on the pork. The Typhoon has a 2,400-h.p. 24-cylinder Sabre engine, a speed of well over 400 m.p.h., and four British Hispano 20-mm. cannon. The suspended livestock have rather lighter armament

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Difficult Scot

I WAS glad to meet in the forefront of this month's new books my old friend—and yours, perhaps?—*Humphry Clinker*. This novel having been first published in 1771, you may wonder how it can possibly rank as "new." The thing is, that here is old wine in a sound new bottle: *Humphry Clinker* is the latest fiction addition to "Everyman's Library" (J. M. Dent; 3s. 6d.). Thus, an eighteenth-century masterpiece, of which other editions must by now be rare, becomes available to the twentieth-century reader. The format of "Everyman's Library"—clear, modern print, gay binding and handy size—serves to dispel those cobwebs that, in one's imagination, settle upon any old work, and to make the reading of Smollett's last, most amiable novel decidedly less of a proposition. Also, we have the advantages of a critical Introduction by Professor Mumford Jones, and of excellent Notes, the work of Mr. Charles Lee. As a rule, I am a lazy reader of notes, but in this case I found each asterisk well worth following up, for this lifelike, discursive novel is packed with allusions (to real people and places, to contemporary events and fashions) of which it is really a pity to miss the point. The Notes throw light on the social background of the characters Smollett has brought to life, and document his vigorous satire.

Smollett's *Roderick Random* and *Peregrine Pickle* are, for some reason, more famous than *Humphry Clinker*, but, for my own part, I liked neither of them so well. One is sorry that the contentious, inventive, difficult Scot should have died, at the not great age of fifty, some few months after finishing *Humphry Clinker*, for he has developed, in this novel, not only easier geniality, but less unwieldy ideas of form. All Smollett novels do ramble—the rambling is half the point of them—but this time the principal characters are never lost to view. . . . The legend attached to Tobias Smollett is that he is "coarse." The fact was, that he felt violent reactions of distaste against many aspects of his own time—the now rather idealised English eighteenth century. Brutal animal spirits, bad smells, inane fashions and complacent social harshness revolted him: he was less able than Fielding, Richardson and even the delicate Fanny Burney, to take these in his stride. He dwelt with a sort of fury on what annoyed him, particularly on physical disagreeableness, and this came, at times, to be carried to such a point that he shocked the contemporaries, who had shocked him. Added to this, he was a fiery Scot, with an underlying scunner against the English. His queasiness must have been a matter of temperament, for as a naval surgeon he had faced life in the raw. London literary circles, to which he resigned himself when, after the success of

his first novel, he entrusted his fortunes to his pen, were to prove by no means balm to his nerves.

One may ask how, given all this, *Humphry Clinker* comes to be such an equable, racily comic, good-natured and completely engaging novel and, above all, one that is so just to life? I suppose one reason for this may be that Smollett was dealing with what most pleased and interested him—travel, and the English and Scottish social scene. His descriptive powers come into full play, and he must have felt a joy in exercising them. If he entertained no illusions about his characters, his final verdict is: they were not so bad. And, by the time he has reached this verdict, he has won a considerable place for them in our hearts.

Family Tour

WHAT is the story? Matthew Bramble, valetudinarian Welsh squire, of Bramble Hall, his spinster sister Tabitha, his niece Lydia Melford (an ex-boarding-school miss), and his undergraduate nephew, the engaging Jery Melford, make a coach-tour round the places of fashion and interest in England and Scotland. Attached to the party are Miss Tabitha's maid, Win Jenkins, and her loathsome pet, the dog Chowder—who, happily for the rest of the party, is liquidated half-way through. *Humphry Clinker* himself, an "innocent" of unknown birth, slides into the cast, without warning, first as postilion, then footman, in the chaos caused by an accident to the coach.

The story is told in the letters of these people—each letter stamped with the outlook and



Elliott and Fry

Captain Somerset de Chair, M.P., whose book, "*The Golden Carpet*," was published recently (on the anniversary of the day British troops marched into Baghdad), was wounded in the Syrian campaign while serving in the Royal Horse Guards. His book tells of the British advance from Mediterranean to Tigris. Captain de Chair is Parliamentary Private Secretary to Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, Minister of Production

personality, and sometimes peculiar spelling, of its writer. Matthew Bramble writes to his crony in Wales, Dr. Lewis; Miss Tabitha to the housekeeper at Brambleton Hall; Lydia to her confidante at the boarding-school; Jery to an undergraduate friend at Jesus College, Oxford, and Win to a fellow Brambleton Hall maid ("Take my poor kitten to bed with you this cold weather.") Only *Humphry Clinker* never takes up the pen: all accounts of him come from the other five. In the choice of his character's correspondence Smollett showed great art—all of these, you will notice, are people tied to one place, who would be eager for news of the great world and for accounts of its foibles.

Squire Bramble, besides his concern with health, shows a vindictive interest in human folly—though this mellows slightly as the story goes on. A husband-hunt is Miss Tabitha's ruling motive for travel, though she also has a flirtation with Methodism. Poor Lydia nurses a wounded heart—she has been snatched in haste from her Gloucester school because of a love-affair with an actor—disguised appearances of the too-faithful Wilson, in different places, make the young susceptible swoon or faint. In spite of this, she enjoys movement, parties and fashions, though her débuts in Bath, London and Edinburgh are somewhat spoiled for her by the embarrassing antics of her aunt. Jery Melford is heart-free, volatile, ready for all that comes.

A good deal of the comedy is built up from there being four or five accounts of what happens—each from a different point

(Concluded on page 376)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

THE other day I read a letter in a London newspaper from a

woman who wrote very indignantly about a case she knew of a soldier's wife, with four very young children, who followed her husband from posting to posting and had, consequently, the greatest difficulty in finding accommodation for herself and her brood. According to the letter-writer, the "defaulting" landladies ought to suffer a punishment varying from a life sentence to being shot at dawn. It never struck her that a mother with four young children might, with greater wisdom towards herself and kindness towards her children, stay put wherever she managed to find a house wherein she could stay put permanently. Her fury was all directed against the landladies who, desirous of making ends meet by letting off their few spare rooms, nevertheless were unwilling that these rooms should be wrecked by young children and her own life made noisier and more difficult by the ram-paging of a very young family of four (another one on the way, too), which is inseparable from extreme youth.

Personally, however, I had a sneaking sympathy for the maligned landladies. I know so well the letters written by indignant women of literary or social fashion who, having given a wing of their country houses to blitzed children, like to imagine they have themselves felt the full horror of the evacuation scheme. They are usually photographed while occasionally playing with these same children, and the result is expected to be as patriotically laudable as

By Richard King

the portrait of one who has squashed the Squander Bug with her passbook.

Yet sometimes I wonder how these same wealthy ladies would feel if these children were swarming all over their drawing-rooms, running up and down the main staircases, laughing, screaming and playing all over their homes; never being able to get away from them, having evacuated mothers all over the place, especially in the kitchen, and sleeping at night in the next bedroom to their own. For that is the plight of the landlady-in-a-small-way, who may, quite likely, have as much pride in her home as the greatest lady in the land and, although for financial reasons she may be willing to oblige a lodger, resents both a lot of children and a lot of dogs.

I suspect, however, that Other People's Duties are always writ in Capital Letters. The mote in another's eye is invariably disfiguring. Scarcely a soul we know to whom we could not point out the error of their ways. No self-sacrifice on the part of somebody else to which we would not give our mead of praise. Like the personal responsibility of a Poor Relation, it is always another member of the family who should carry it cheerfully and bear it proudly. Our own extravagances so justified; those of other people so head-strong and foolish. Thus we continue to feel very pleased by ourselves and know exactly what other people should do if they would merit our being pleased by them. It is human nature—but it invariably causes a lot of "bad blood."

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Lack — Page

Lt. Roy Henry Lack, R.N.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Lack, of Chatsworth, Cockfosters, Herts., married Pauline Page, only daughter of Mr. A. W. Page and the late Mrs. F. Page, of West Point, Luton, Beds.



Butler-Henderson — Clarke

P/O. Patrick Butler-Henderson, R.A.F.V.R., second son of Hon. Eric and the Hon. Mrs. Butler-Henderson, of Facombe Manor, Andover, Hants., married Kathleen R. C. Clarke, elder daughter of the late Lt.-Col. H. Clarke, and Mrs. E. Clarke, of Malva, Inverness, at St. Barnabas', Facombe



Christopherson — Wood

P/O. S. J. Christopherson, R.A.F.V.R., married Anita Blachford Wood, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wood, of White Oak, Pinkneys Green, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square



Daubney — Powell

W/Cdr. Frederick Claude Daubney, R.A.F., elder son of the late T. W. Daubney, and of Mrs. Daubney, of Laceby, Lincs., married Diana Merea Powell, only daughter of the late T. P. P. Powell, of Dorstone, Herts., and of Mrs. Powell, of 28, Tite Street, S.W., at The King's Chapel of Savoy



O'Neill — Campbell

Lt. Frederick Charles O'Neill, R.N.R., only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. O'Neill, of Rock Ferry, Cheshire, married Florence Gillies Campbell, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. C. Campbell, of The Hawthorns, Moss Lane, Pinner, at Old Pinner Parish Church



Griffith — Ford

F/Lt. L. P. Griffith, D.F.C., R.N.Z.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. Lyndon Griffith, of Wellington, New Zealand, married Mary Ford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Ford, of Little Kimpton, Chalfont St. Giles, at Chalfont St. Giles' Parish Church



Thornton — Lockett

Capt. J. J. Thornton, The Highland Light Infantry, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Thornton, of 43, Kersland Street, Glasgow, married Cynthia Lockett, daughter of Mr. L. H. Lockett, M.C., of Tadcaster House, Lovelace Road, Surbiton, at St. Mary Abbots Church, Kensington



Carr — Duxbury

Sub-Lt. R. A. Carr, R.N.V.R., son of the late John Carr and Mrs. Carr, of Nulbourne Manor, Pulborough, married Diana Ann Duxbury, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Duxbury, of Kenburk House, Pulborough, at The King's Chapel of the Savoy



Ewart Evans — Meade Miller

Capt. D. Ewart Evans, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Evans, of Brierley, Penarth, Glamorgan, married Jane Meade Miller, elder daughter of Mrs. Meade Miller, of Burnaby, Ashurst, Hants., at The King's Chapel of the Savoy

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 362)

wedding cake of the baby's parents, and had been iced and decorated at home with pre-war sugar.

Pictures

PEOPLE who would like to evoke memories of hot, summer days in the south of France should go to the Leicester Galleries and see, particularly, "*Les Oliviers du Cabanon*" and "*Un Rocher du Faron*," by Lucien Pissaro, son of Camille Pissaro and father of Orovida Pissaro. Works by all three are on show, and there are many London scenes by the famous Camille, who took refuge here from the siege of Paris, and remained during the Commune. He was a friend of Monet and Manet, and some of his work is as lovely as any of the Impressionists'. His son, Lucien's, technique is also Impressionist, and his effects of light on landscape are superb, especially in the two mentioned of the south of France. Orovida, Lucien's daughter, specialises in paintings of animals, exquisitely decorative, stylised, but full of life and expression.

Paintings and drawings by Lord Methuen are being shown at the same time, and his special talent for transmuting artistically beautiful architecture into pictures is well represented.

An Epsom "Derby"

TRAINERS, jockeys, bookmakers and gipsies turned out in full force at Epsom on June 3 to support the most enterprising effort yet made in aid of the "Wings for Victory" funds. The Epsom Pony Club staged four "classic" races on the Recreation Ground, and famous owners—the Hon. Dorothy Paget, Sir Malcolm McAlpine, Mr. J. V. Rank, Lord Rosebery, Lord Derby, Lord Astor and Lord Lonsdale—allowed their colours to be worn.

Some very sharp-looking ponies were produced, and were ridden by Steve Donoghue, Gordon Richards, Charlie Elliott, Michael Beary, Eph Smith, Tommy Carey, Fred Lane and Joe Marshall. The racing was excellent, and Steve showed that he had lost none of his zest, dashing round the sharp turns in his old Tattenham Corner style—one leg over the rails. It was like a breath of the past to see him win the "City and Suburban" on Joe, after a desperate race with Michael Beary, on Smokey, and he got a tremendous reception. Everyone hoped Steve would ride his seventh Derby winner, but he only finished third.

The starter was Mr. Tom Walls, whose get-up resembled Capt. Allison's in every way, except for the brown beard, which he has had to grow for a new film (at a recent Ascot meeting the gateman, who had been retired for some years, took him for old Johnnie Osborne). Walter Nightingall judged and Mr. Langlands was Clerk of the Course. A.R.P. personnel, the Home Guard and the Royal Artillery Band from Woolwich all combined to make the evening tremendous fun, as well as a big financial success. A running commentary on the Derby was broadcast on the Forces programme and a newsreel film was taken. During the evening an auction was held; and Old Kate's shooting-stick, given her by Lord Lonsdale, was sold for £9 10s., put up again, and fetched 55 guineas. The whip presented to Jack Sirett by the Jockey Club when he won the Rosebery Stakes at Epsom fetched £20, and a box of cigars, put up three times, amid loud cries of "Send them to Winston!", made in all £30. The proceeds went to the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund.



A Committee Meeting

The third annual general meeting of the "Daily Sketch" War Relief Fund, which benefits all the fighting services, was held in London recently. Members of the Committee, seen above, were Rosamond Viscountess Ridley, the Marchioness of Willingdon, Lady Kemsley (chairman of the Fund), Lady Chatfield, Lady Lloyd and Lady Brabourne

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 374)

of view. And, naturally, this family quartet hardly ever agree in enjoying the same thing. The Bath that Miss Lyddy finds fairyland, her uncle writes off for bad smells and affected architecture—he has been martyred, in their first Bath lodging, by negroes practising the French horn on the stairs and an Irishman learning to dance on the floor above. The Squire is also appalled by the growth of London (see page 82). Only in Scotland does he cease his repining for the good mutton of Wales. All four enjoy Scotland—Smollett has seen to that—though several of them enter into the feelings of a Mr. Campbell cursed with a family piper, who had "an invincible antipathy to the sound of the Highland bagpipe, which sings in the nose with a most alarming twang, and, indeed, is quite intolerable to the ears of common sensibility when aggravated by echo of a vaulted hall." Mr. Martin, the respectable highwayman, and the immortal Lt. Lismahago (whose portrait alone would justify *Humphry Clinker*) are two friends contracted upon the road. In London, Jerry goes to a party of famous authors, who "seemed afraid and jealous of one another, and sat in a state of mutual repulsion, like so many particles of vapour, each surrounded by his own electrified atmosphere. . . ." A number of visits paid on the way up, then down, England, occasion lively vignettes of contemporary country-house life: we see the household with a turn for practical jokes, the good old family seat dolled up in the last crazy fashion, the too musical wife, and the squire who, now overweight for hunting, keeps a groom in attendance to scratch his back.

Exiles

"O WESTERN WIND," by Honor Croome (Christophers; 8s. 6d.), is a remarkable novel: the story of four English mothers evacuated, with their children, to the United States, after the Battle of Britain. You can see the possibilities of such a theme, and how rightly or wrongly it could be treated. Miss Croome's treatment seems to me faultless: she tells the story of Margaret, Cora, Mary and Daphne with the proper blend of detachment and sympathy. Comedy is kept in play against heartache; the American scene (around Boston) is touched in vividly; embarrassments, misunderstandings and contretemps are balanced in a true scale against the great wealth of American kindness. Miss Croome has not balked at two main facts—that to be a full-time mother, to the supposed exclusion of all other interests and feelings, puts an undue strain on young, natural women; also, that to be an equally full-time, wholly dependent and ideally endlessly grateful guest, for an indefinite period, is not easy.

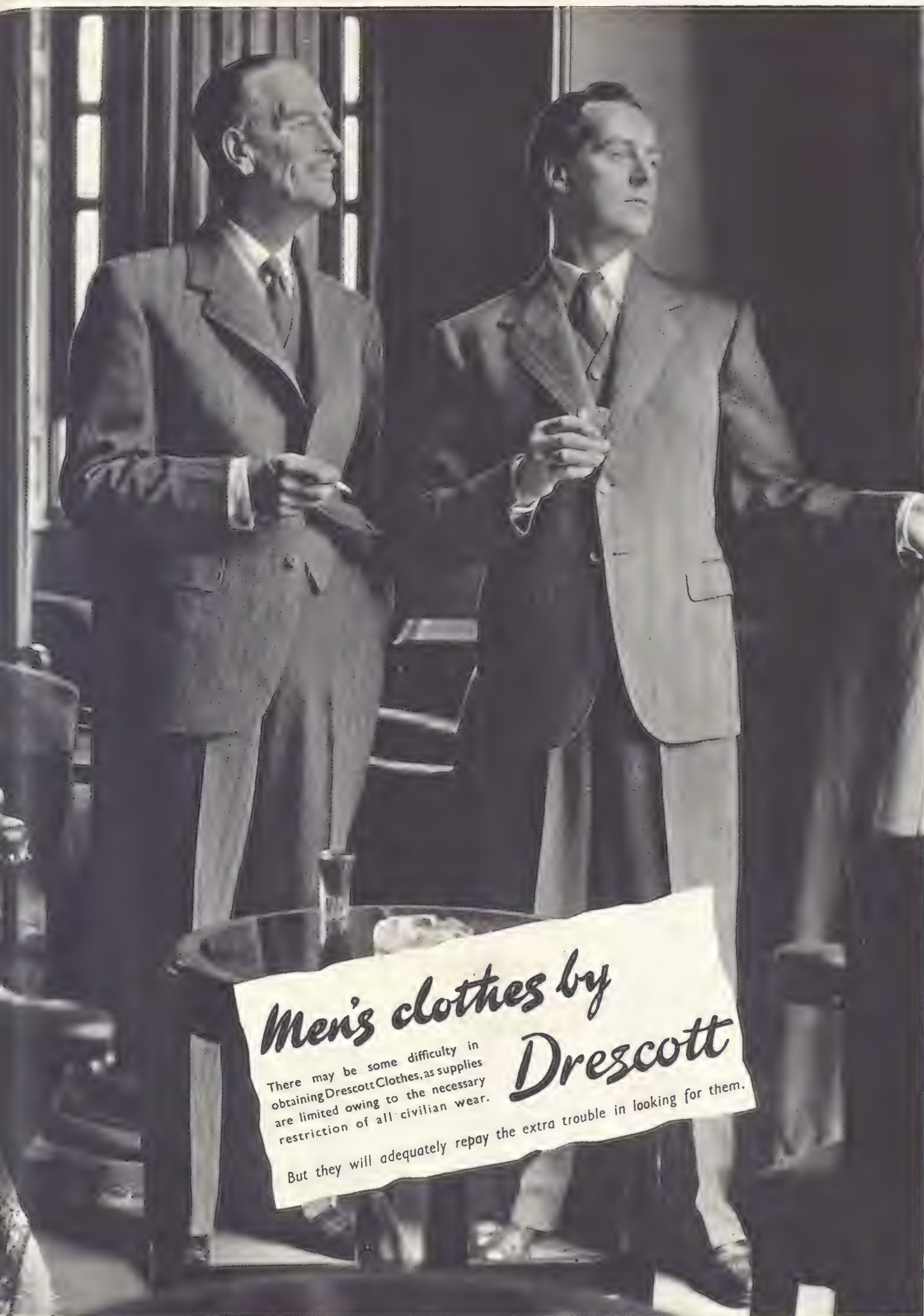
Witty, self-critical, readily-bitter Margaret, radiant Cora and guileless Mary were none of them natural refugees. All three wished to be with their own country in its hour of peril; all three had left behind husbands with whom they were in love. The same could not be said of Daphne, the self-dramatiser, who was very frankly out for all she could get, who had dragged away a reluctant fifteen-year-old son from England, and who put up with very ill-grace with kind American women when what she really wanted was the American male. Daphne's vicissitudes, besides making excellent comedy, serve to throw into strong relief the integrity and the nagging, banked-down restlessness of the three who want nothing but their own homes. Daphne starts lucky—she can draw on a family trust, and, consequently, keep a flat of her own—and, like so many undeserving characters, ends up lucky, as the broadcasting mother of a child-hero. The other three, though accustomed to independence, have to turn to their hosts for everything from the start.

To America Miss Croome does full, unsentimental justice. Herself half-American, she has been able to capture the attitude, in that year, of many American people, and the atmosphere of American homes. She has not, at the same time, underrated the severe tests that were put to tact and forbearance, on both sides. There were interludes, now and then, that made Margaret squirm, though Cora was able to laugh them off. The newcomers soon learned to distinguish between genuine, heartfelt kindness and the attempt, on the part of one or two club-women, to treat them as either protégées or pets. For Margaret and Cora things were never quite easy: when being given a good time in and about Boston they felt guilty, thinking of those at home; while, when they found themselves left to camp for a winter in a more than isolated New England farmhouse, relentless blues came creeping up on them. Cora's attempt to forget herself in a love-affair is delicately, and I think justly, drawn.

Miss Croome, already well known as a writer on economics, brings, for the first time, to *O Western Wind* the full-blown gifts of a novelist. What she touches, lives. When she writes about ships, I feel seasick. . . . I found myself absorbed by *O Western Wind*, which, both as a document and as a brilliantly-told story, I recommend to a high place on your library list.

Crime in Cranford

GATHA CHRISTIE's latest is one of her very best. From *The Moving Finger* (Crime Club; 7s. 6d.) Poirot is absent, though dear Miss Marple, as guest of the vicar's wife, puts in an only-too-brief appearance. An attractive young brother and sister (he, the narrator, convalescing after a bad pre-war air crash) rent the house of a maiden lady at charming Lymstock, with its Cranford-like atmosphere. Everything promises peace. But a "poison pen" is busy at its foul work; result, one apparent suicide, then one point-blank murder. It becomes evident that the villain is one of the "nice" residents, and, if you come to think of it, so many "nice" people could have a sinister side. The solution is worthy of Mrs. Christie, who never repeats herself, never bores, never cheats.



Men's clothes by
Drescott

There may be some difficulty in obtaining Drescott Clothes, as supplies are limited owing to the necessary restriction of all civilian wear.

But they will adequately repay the extra trouble in looking for them.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE



Never has there been a time when there have been more becoming variations on the time-honoured blouse theme, all of which look well with a good black skirt. To Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, must be given the credit of the trio portrayed on this page. The model with a coatee effect on the left is a study in black and white carried out in a woolly material: the detail is worthy of careful study. It is warm, nevertheless light. The sleeves are long, while the collar is particularly flattering. The material used for the blouse in the model in the centre is a member of the rayon family. It is striped in very attractive sunset shades, and is a perfect week-end accessory. Simplicity is the salient feature of the shirt on the right; there are step revers, short sleeves and a yoke at the back. A feature is made of striped cotton shirts; they are remarkably well cut and tailored, they wash and wear well. Here is likewise to be seen a large collection of coatees for indoor wear on chilly days

It is the fashion nowadays to be simply dressed, therefore a warm welcome will be accorded to the chevron-striped cotton frocks at Lillywhites, Piccadilly, one of which finds pictorial expression on the left of this page. As will be seen, it has an adjustable neckline, and is easy to launder; the scheme is completed with neat wristbands. By the way, the skirt is gored. Naturally, a feature is here made of man-tailored slacks; they are admirably cut, and so are the divided skirts. Furthermore, there is a large collection of tailored suits; some are reinforced with waistcoats and shirts, therefore monotony may be banished. Neither must it be overlooked that the needs of men and women in the Services have received the greatest attention; the outfits are perfectly practical and practically perfect

*Always fresh -
or creased?*



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Stories from Everywhere

Two recruits on their first night guard appeared a dark figure.
"Halt! Who goes there?"
"Orderly Officer."

This nonplussed the recruits. They whispered together.
"Come on! Come on!" said the Orderly Officer, testily. "You've had standing at attention here for five minutes."

More whispering, and then a flash of inspiration.

"Orderly Officer! Stand at ease!"

A BEAUTIFUL Russian actress was at a reception. She was asked by her hostess to recite something. She could think of nothing to suit the occasion, and begged to be let off with a short selection in her native language.

Her audience could not understand a word, but were enthralled by her gestures and tones. She received tremendous applause.

Just before the guest went her hostess said: "Do tell me what you recited."

"It has no name," said the actress. "I was counting from one to two hundred and thirty—in Russian."

"We shall be glad," wrote the firm to the Ministry of Labour, "if you could assist us in retaining this man for a little longer. He is the only man left in the firm, and he is carrying on with fifteen girls."

"Poor chap," said Jones, "he walks in his sleep and pushes the bed room door open."

"That's an unusual symptom?" remarked Brown.

"Yes, it's due to his fear of arrest for parking too long in one place."



"Better take your hats off pals—if my reckoning's right, we're just entering St. Paul's Cathedral"

A CERTAIN music-hall manager made a firm rule that he would never see any applicant without an appointment.

A persistent applicant, who had tried all sorts of ways to get in to see the manager, thought he had found a way out of the difficulty. He sent in a note from the inquiry office, describing his turn and adding:—

"I bet you a drink you don't see me."

In a few moments back came his note with these words scribbled on it:

"What'll you have?"

THE drunk was crawling around on his hands and knees near a lamp-post at 3 a.m. Along came a policeman. The policeman bent over and tapped the inebriate on the shoulder.

"What are you looking for?" he inquired.

The drunk continued to crawl around.

"I'm looking for a friend of mine," he drooled.

The policeman straightened up.

"Look here," he advised. "Why don't you stand up and look for your friend?"

The other shook his head.

"Afraid I'll miss him that way," he hiccupped. "He's a bit shorter than I am!"

At the end of a lesson in general knowledge, the teacher asked if any member of the class could tell her what he knew about Lord Woolton.

One boy got up. "He's the bloke what tells us to eat less of what we ain't got none of."

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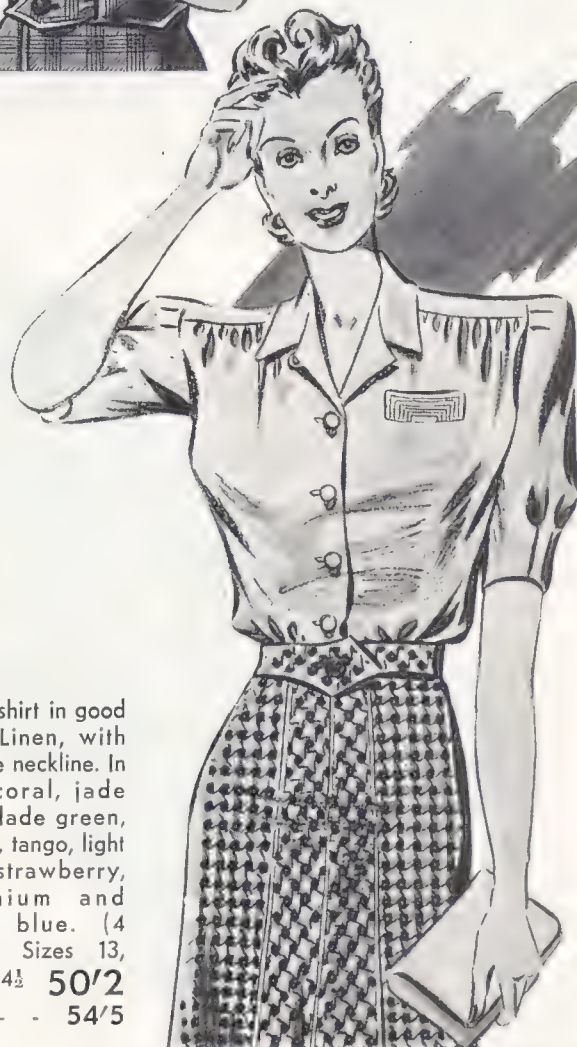


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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Examination

THE electron microscope would be a good instrument with which to examine the speeches of responsible Ministers of the Crown. For the more you magnify them, the more you can see the facts of which they are composed.

When we magnify Mr. Morrison one hundred thousand times we see millions of examples of the paper virus; we see growing with pathological speed the bugs that bring into being huge, public monopolies controlled by people who specialise in non-creative activities—by paper people. We see journalists, doctors, air transporters, caterers, and (we hope) lawyers, all controlled by the L.C.C. and other local authorities.

When we magnify the Prime Minister one hundred thousand times we see more immediately practicable and less political activities. And among them the transfer of increasing portions of the national effort to bombing.

It was rather curious that the newspapers—with one accord—omitted to give any special notice to the Prime Minister's remark (I quote *Hansard*) that "in the summer of last year, as Minister of Defence, I set on foot a policy of increasing our bomber effort, which, of course, entailed certain sacrifices in other directions."

This means (as the microscope shows) that the thousand-bomber raids had their effect in swinging balanced opinion towards the bomber. And it must be said that the bombing in the month of May suggested that the swing was a wise one.

Pre-Pantelleria

THEN there came the operation of Pantelleria (I adopt the spelling recommended by the Royal Geographical Society as opposed to that adopted in the popular newspapers) which provided further information on the subject.

Aerial preparation has never before been so complete as at Pantelleria. It has never before been more successful in preparing the way for invasive forces. Indeed,

this must be held to have been primarily an air operation. It was air power that gave us this island with a relatively small loss in men and materials.

It may be that, by the time these notes appear, some further examples will have been given of the might of the air when it is concentrated upon a suitable target. So the picture now is that the decision of last summer was a wise one, and that when the time comes we shall have (as a result of that decision) a bombing force powerful enough to make way for the land and sea forces.

One other point mentioned by Mr. Winston Churchill was seized on by the commentators and that was his disclosure of the work of the V.L.R., or very long range aircraft with Coastal Command.

The message sent by Sir Charles Portal to the Commander-in-Chief of Coastal Command was significant. Such messages are not sent every day, and I interpreted it as meaning that Slessor's captains and crews had achieved some really remarkable things in their anti-U-boat work.

Commissioned Crews

THAT old question about the commissioned officer as air crew member has been raised again, this time by Mr. C. G. Power, the Canadian Air Minister. He mentioned that the British Air Ministry had not been entirely agreeable to the idea that every air crew member should be a commissioned officer; but that in the Royal Canadian Air Force that was the eventual aim.

The Air Ministry view is that a commission has to do with aptitudes other than those directly concerned with the operation of aircraft against the enemy. "Leadership" is the word one hears most often when arguing this point. The idea is that a man may be a fine fighting or bombing pilot, but be incapable of leadership,



Sq. Ldr. George Wightman Gilpin, D.F.C., recently awarded a bar to his D.F.C., has taken part in many operational sorties. His fine leadership and the excellent co-operation of his crew enabled him to drive off night fighters on four occasions; on one occasion, though his aircraft was damaged, he engaged the enemy and brought his bomber safely home

and that such a man should be a non-commissioned officer.

Years ago I expressed the view (when this same question came up) that every air crew member ought to have commission rank; but it does appear that the introduction of the larger aircraft has modified the position.

If an aircraft is visualised, for instance, with a crew of fifteen (and that, after all, is not so very far beyond present possibilities), then the commissioning of even one member would appear to be improper.

In this instance, then, I have some sympathy with the Air Ministry view. Where I disagree with it, however, is in the niggardly application of the ruling which arises from it. Among air crews there are—in my opinion—far too few officers.

After all, an air force must always have a large ground component, and I think that the commissioned ranks should go mainly to the operational personnel who actually do the flying.

Squirts

A FRIEND has sent me a translation of an article in a German aviation paper giving the history of the Junkers Diesel engines from the basic patent in 1901. He concludes that the most recent developments ought to lead directly to jet propulsion.

All that has been said so far about jet propulsion that the Caproni-Campini has made successful flight. The Italians are often good at the early development of more advanced ideas; but they normally fall down through lack of sustained interest when it comes to development nearer to the practical stage.

The Germans keep up a steady pressure all along the line. Their work on direct injection aero engines must always be looked on as first-class; however much we dislike them. And the opposed piston Junkers is an equally notable piece of research and development.

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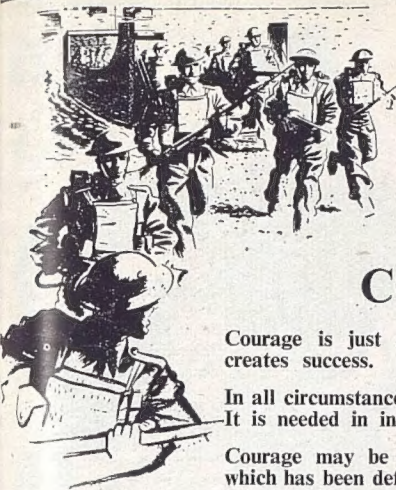
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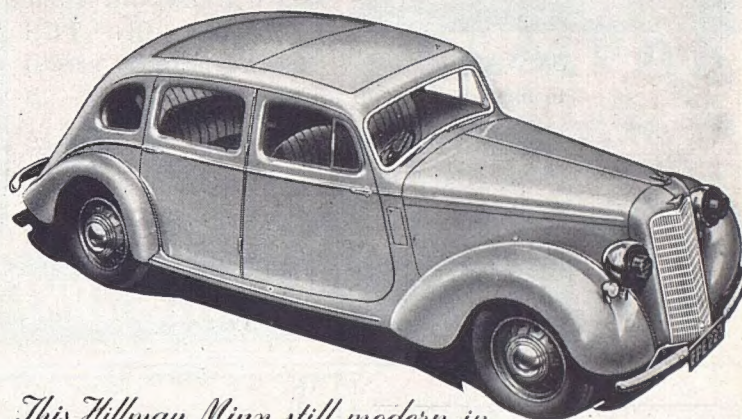


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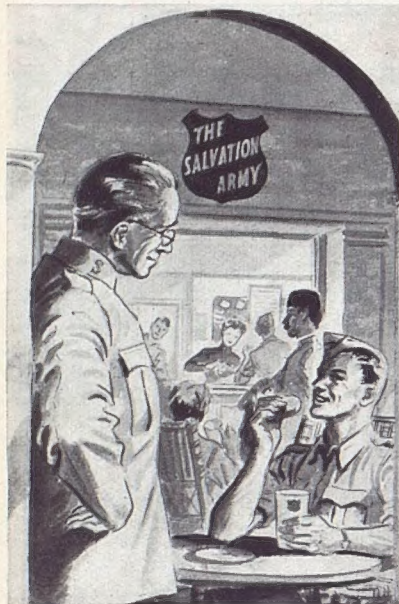
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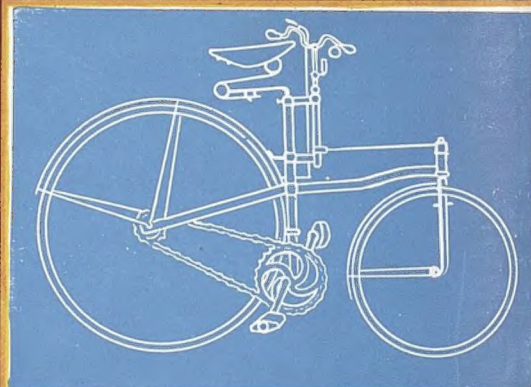
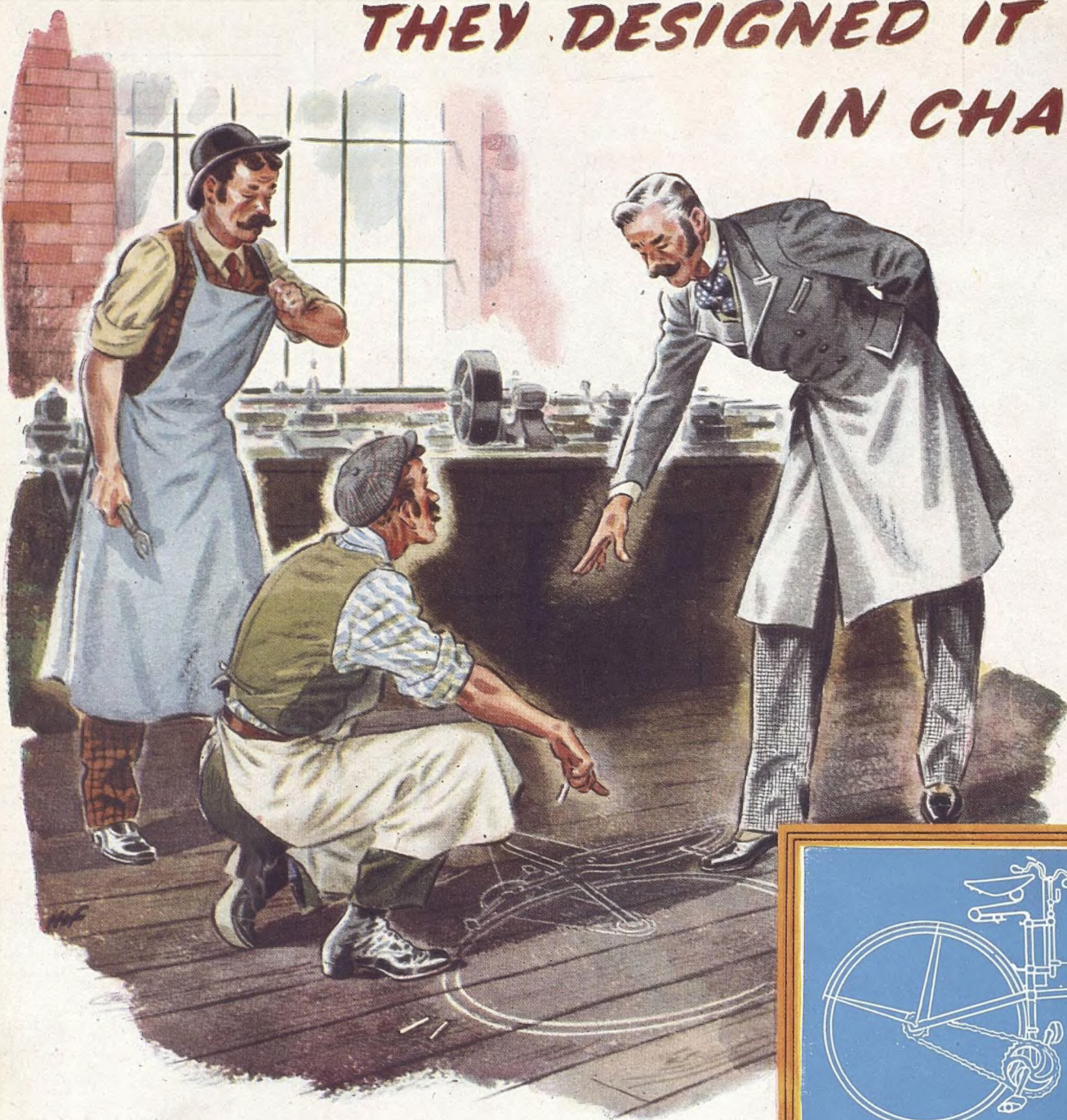
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